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Summary of the News

The German proposals for peace, of which we made brief mention last week, came as the fulfilment of preparatory hints and promises to the German people of forthcoming important news of a joyful character, the hints culminating in the announcement of the specially summoned session of the Reichstag as "the most remarkable since the outbreak of the war, and of world-wide historical importance." The Reichstag met on December 12 to hear Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech announcing that notes proposing to enter into peace negotiations had been dispatched to all the hostile Powers through the neutral nations representing them diplomatically. Similar action, he explained, had been taken in Vienna, Constantinople, and Sofia, and a separate note was also addressed to the Pope. The text of the notes sent to the neutral Powers and the Vatican and of a separate statement issued by the Austrian Government was published in the papers of December 13. The German note, phrased as by a conqueror addressing the conquered, is general in character, offering no specific terms, but proposing merely "to enter forthwith into peace negotiations." The notes were forwarded by President Wilson to the Entente Powers without comment.

Speculation as to the nature of the terms to which the Central Empires would consent has naturally been rife, and the customary "authoritative" or "usually well informed" quarters seem pretty well agreed in advancing as the basis of negotiations a return to the *status quo ante*, except as regards Poland and Lithuania. The question of future limitation of armaments and of the creation of an international court, it is also hinted, would be favorably entertained in Germany. Definitely we know only that the German proposal contemplates a conference of belligerents, to meet without interruption of hostilities, and discuss definite terms, the prevailing idea in Germany apparently being that once such a conference got together it would not dissolve without achieving some tangible result.

Comments of the German press as received in dispatches to this country are remarkable for the favor with which the idea of peace is received. While the assumption is always of a victorious but magnanimous Germany, willing to accept less than she could take, the underlying note of anxiety in many of the extracts seems unmistakable. Thus the *Frankfurter Zeitung*: "Germany must try to prevent the Entente from giving an evasive answer. We expect a wide cleavage of views at the outset of the negotiations, but great apparent divergencies of opinion will have less significance when the oral explanations are offered."

In the Allied countries it can hardly be said that the German proposals have met with a cordial reception. In all of them the first instinct was to reject contemptuously the despoilers of Belgium, bearing whatsoever gifts. Suspicion of the German purpose remains, but opinion appears to be crystallizing in two parallel lines of thought: the first, determination not to recede from the avowed objects of the war; the second, conviction that a careful reply should be made to the Central Powers, if only to parry the attempt, implicit in the German proposals, to win neutral favor as the aggrieved party if the offer of peace negotiations should be declined without consideration.

Of all the Allies, the country which has been most under suspicion as likely to negotiate a separate peace is the one most contemptuous of the German approaches. The Duma, on December 15, went on record as favoring "a categorical refusal by the Allied Governments to enter, under present conditions, into any peace negotiations whatever," and a similar resolution was adopted by the Congress of Nobles. In France the characterization of the proposals by Premier Briand as "a cry to deceive neutrals" is echoed by the press of Paris. In England, the only official statement, as we write, has been that of Bonar Law, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, who gave the Allies' requirements in the House of Commons on December 14 as "adequate reparation for the past and adequate security for the future." Mr. Lloyd George, if sufficiently recovered from his indisposition, was expected to make a full statement on the question in his speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday.

Another note, in addition to those proffering peace, was received last week from Germany. It was the German reply to the protest of the United States in regard to the Belgian deportations. The text of it was received by wireless from Berlin on December 13. The note is an elaborate defence of the humanitarian motives which prompted this latest outrage. On the extravagances of the German position we comment in our editorial columns. In this connection we may draw attention to the full text of Cardinal Mercier's moving appeal to the civilized world, published in the New York *Times* of December 15; to the powerful appeal issued by the Holland section of the League of Neutral States, which was given to the Associated Press on December 11, and to the accounts of the impressive mass meeting of protest which was held in Carnegie Hall, New York, on Friday of last week.

Hailed in France as a reply to the peace proposals, came the news of the French offensive at Verdun of December 15. The action was to the north of Douaumont along a front of more than six miles, extending from the Meuse River to the plain of the Woevre. The French penetrated on this front to an average depth of rather more than two miles, occupying Vacherauville, Louvemont, Hardoumont, and Bezonvaux, and taking 11,000 prisoners and 115 guns.

In Rumania, as was expected, no attempt was made to offer a stand on the Jalomita, which was crossed by Mackensen about the middle of last week, and the Buzeu line was also abandoned. The occupation by the Teutonic forces of the town itself was announced in the bulletins of December 15, and Sunday's statement from Berlin declared that the invading forces had already crossed the river. As we write, Russian forces appear to be holding the entire front, with the Rumanian army catching its breath in their rear, behind the Sereth.

The plébiscite in Denmark on the question of the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States resulted in a verdict in favor of the sale by a vote of 283,694 to 157,596.

After some lively debate, in the course of which the Japanese question was agitated to a point of diplomatic inconvenience, the Immigration bill, literacy test and all, was passed in the Senate on December 14 by a vote of 64 to 7.

Announcement was made by the British Foreign Office on December 15 that the Entente Powers, in consideration of the representations made by the American Government, had decided to grant a safe-conduct to Count Tarnowski von Tarnow, the newly appointed Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to Washington.

The resignation of the Austrian Cabinet, after a brief life of six weeks, took place on December 14. The composition of the new Cabinet, headed by Alexander Spitzmüller, was announced in Monday's papers.

We allude editorially to the difficulties of the French Ministry under M. Briand. Despite radical changes, including the creation of a War Council of five members, the appointment of General Joffre to an advisory position to the Government, and that of General Nivelle to supreme command of the armies of the west, it seems evident that Briand's hold on public support is insecure.

The Greek problem appears to have received at any rate a temporary solution by unconditional acceptance on the part of King Constantine of the ultimatum presented by the Entente Powers regarding the movement of troops and munitions in Thessaly. Compliance with the ultimatum was announced in dispatches from Paris of December 16. The appointment of Admiral Gaucher to the command of the Allied squadron in Greek waters in succession to Admiral du Fournet was officially announced on December 12.

The only incident of note in the submarine warfare during the past week was the torpedoing in the Mediterranean, on December 14, of the empty British horse transport Russian. Seventeen American muleteers and eleven of the crew were killed. The German note explaining that the Lanao was sunk as a prize, carrying contraband, was published on December 13.

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The Week

In deciding merely to transmit to the Allies, without comment, Germany's proposal of peace, in blank, President Wilson appears to have the general approval of the country. The Pope has acted in the same sense. The dispatches from Rome on Monday stated that he held this to be not the juncture for offering mediation. All the world knows that the Holy Father ardently desires that a peace be made, but for the present he limits himself to sending forward the German note. It is not impossible that this identic course of President and Pope was agreed upon after an exchange of views between them. In any event, it is a striking coincidence. Neither of them wished to be put in the position of appearing to endorse the German terms until he knew what those terms were going to be. Thus, if German diplomacy was scheming to array neutral Governments and the Vatican on its side, while leaving them in the dark, it has already met with a check. Its offer of peace has been duly sent. The reply to it will surely require that Germany make plain her conditions before they can be even debated in a peace conference. If she has chestnuts in the fire, she will have to pull them out herself.

The proceedings in the Chamber of Deputies last week indicate clearly that the offer of peace from Berlin has added to the confusion of an already complex situation. This does not mean that any considerable element in the French Parliament is outspoken for peace. Briand's repudiation of German schemes and his reassertion of confidence in ultimate victory were received with enthusiasm. But when it came to formal approval of the reconstituted Briand Ministry there was no such unanimity. The reorganized Government was upheld by a vote of 314 to 165. That represents a very serious minority. The life of the Briand Cabinet is not assured. A change of fifty votes would bring it perilously near to dissolution, and certainly destroy its usefulness. The taunts delivered against the French military leaders—"France was saved by her poilus in spite of their chiefs"; the refusal of Painlevé, with Albert Thomas, one of the real finds of the war, to enter the reconstituted Cabinet; the heckling of Briand on the question of Allied policy in Greece, all reveal a state of uneasy equilibrium. The contrast with conditions in England is plain. Lloyd George is assured of a chance to show what he can do. The country demands a change of tactics and of tempo in the conduct of the war, and it sees in the personnel of the new Cabinet the promise of such a change. In France there is a strong feeling that the innovations made by Briand offer no certain guarantee of a radical reform. The spirit of compromise hangs over the new arrangement. There is vagueness about the reorganization of the high command so long demanded by the Opposition. Gen. Nivelle receives the command of the forces in the West, but Joffre retains the title of generalissimo. His new office of technical adviser to the Ministry of War may mean that he has been kicked upstairs, or it may mean that he will be a very real power. As regards the relations of France to her allies, a war council containing Briand as Foreign Minister and Ribot as Minister of Finance does not in itself promise a sharp alteration of policy.

Official Germany has not lost its fondness for tortuous reasoning. Its latest defence of the Belgian deportations is that Germany has been proceeding under Article 43 of the Hague Convention. A simple-minded outsider might think that Article 52 of that Convention was conclusive against Germany, for it forbids an occupying army to demand of the inhabitants "services . . . except for the needs of the army of occupation." But the German answer ignores this and rests everything upon the right of the occupant to "take all the measures in his power to restore, and insure, as far as possible, public order and safety." And the German logic is that this means the duty of compelling Belgians to go to Germany and work there as they are ordered! It seems like a travesty of legal argument. If it had not been gravely put forward by the German Government, no one would have thought it possible. Nothing can be more certain than that no proceeding of the kind going on in Belgium ever entered the heads of the framers of the Hague Convention. The German Government is simply acting like a conjurer drawing rabbits out of a hat. It will next be telling us that Article 43 warrants forcing the Belgians to swear allegiance to the Kaiser. That would as truly be a measure of "safety" as to tear workingmen from their wives and children and deport them to forced labor in Germany.

The "Appeal to the American People" issued by the Holland Section of the "League of Neutral Nations" is perhaps the most impressive that has yet been addressed to us on the subject of the Belgian deportations. It opens with this remarkable expression of feeling:

> Your President has said that sooner or later a moment would come when the war would make the position of neutral nations unbearable. For us Hollanders that moment has arrived, not through our own sufferings, but because we cannot longer passively contemplate the ghastly suffering inflicted by Germany upon Belgium, our neighbor.

The appeal depicts in few but burning words that enslaving of the Belgians which is arousing the indignation of all the world, and to find a parallel to which "one must turn to the history of the early ages of long-past centuries before international law existed." To their Dutch neighbors the reality is brought home with terrible distinctness when fugitives, escaping into Holland every day, "in spite of the deadly electric wire which the Germans have erected along the frontier," tell of "the unutterable despair of the women and children who are left behind and of the agonizing scenes which take place when husbands, brothers, and sons, dragged from their homes and womenfolk, are packed into cattle and freight cars and thus transported to an unknown destination and to an unknown fate." To put an end to this barbarism, the appeal declares, there is "but one way open, and that is collective action on the part of the neutral nations," and this can be effected only by the United States taking the lead. Americans are asked to urge their Government to "energetic and decisive action," and surely there are millions of Americans who are ready to do so with all their heart. The meeting at Carnegie Hall on Friday night gave New York an opportunity to respond to the call.

The struggle at Verdun has been the making of Nivelle. He was appointed to direct the local operations there on May 7, 1916, Pétain taking over the armies between Soissons and Verdun. The battle had just entered its fourth month when the French took German trenches at Haucourt and Haudromont quarry, and recaptured part of Fort Douaumont—this recapture being effected by Nivelle's taking advantage of the German concentration of effort upon Dead Man Hill on the other side of the river, and giving France the greatest encouragement. For the artillery resistance which practically prevented further German advances, Nivelle has received most of the credit. Fort Vaux was taken, but the French held stubbornly to trenches in the neighborhood; Fleury was taken, but the Germans were driven out of

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it again; and though the Germans reached the inner girdle of forts in late June, it was with a precarious hold and against small counter-successes constantly won by the French. In October the French retook Douaumont, and Vaux fell before Nivelle's first dramatic stroke the first of November. His last success, the retaking of points that the Germans had gained in their first onset, the capture of more than 11,000 men, and the taking or destruction of more than a hundred guns, gives to him as he takes his new high command a prestige that may mean much to the French effort.

Rumania's losses are placed at more than 400,000 men by a writer for the Overseas News Agency, which occasionally lets its imagination get out of hand. More interesting than the assumed total of losses are the figures for Rumanian prisoners and for battlefield casualties on both sides. The number of such prisoners is given as 140,000 since the beginning of hostilities. Only the other day the number of prisoners since December 1 was given as 70,000. If we add to this number the 25,000 prisoners taken at a clip in the capture of Tutrakan at the beginning of Mackensen's operations and his subsequent captures in the Dobrudja, it will appear that the captures made by Falkenhayn in the Transylvanian campaign which brought about the Rumanian collapse must have been inconsiderable, as in fact the specific statements from day to day indicated. What, then, was the specific state of demoralization that fell upon the Rumanian armies in Transylvania? On the one hand, their loss in prisoners was far from heavy. On the other hand, they must have been fighting back bravely all the time, if their killed and wounded amount to 300,000, as the German critic contends; for that would mean a casualty loss of 50 per cent. An army that takes such losses before surrendering or running away does not lack courage.

What these figures for Rumanian losses do indicate is the ghastly incompetence of the Rumanian leadership, from the General Staff down to divisional commanders. Recklessness as evidenced in the light-hearted procession into Transylvania was supplemented by lack of preparation on other fronts, by the absence of alternative plans, and by a consequent spasmodic dissipation of energy. Twenty-five thousand men were allowed to be captured at Tutrakan for lack of facilities for retreat across the Danube. The subsequent crossing of the river in the rear of Mackensen's forces without artillery, followed by an immediate retirement, was a childish performance. The attempted defence of Bucharest on the Argechu River, which lasted just long enough for Falkenhayn to cut the line of retreat behind the capital, was a mixture of recklessness and lack of decision. Had the Rumanian leaders, after their defeat in Transylvania, had the courage to withdraw their forces from west of the Alt for a real defence of the capital, there would have been no such harvest of prisoners as the Teutonic armies have been reaping in the rear of the battle-line. Even by the German figures there should still be a quarter of a million Rumanians under arms. Probably it is larger than that; but the use that can be made of such forces by an unfit leadership is highly speculative.

The deadlock between the Navy Department and the ship contractors as to the new battle-cruisers arises out of the fact that the Department is calling upon the builders for vessels of a power that has never been attempted. Hence the shipyards decline to bid for them except on the basis of cost plus 10 per cent. What the Department asks is for ships of no less than 180,000 horsepower engines. When it is recalled that the horsepower of the Mauretania is but 78,000, the engineering advance thus called for is staggering to contemplate. How can so great a battery of boilers be economically disposed on a single ship in order to produce the required 35 knots' speed in so huge a craft? Secretary Daniels admits that he is asking for "enormous and unprecedented horsepower" in this effort to turn out the biggest and fastest thing afloat; but, of course, what he does not admit is that the Department itself has no designers capable of working out the technical problems involved. At least, the builders are saying privately that they have really got to invent the ship, with mighty little aid from the Government, and they decline to take the risk of doing it for a fixed sum, because the experimenting alone necessary might readily eat up any profit. Moreover, they say that the Department gives them no assurance that if their engineering talent really produces this monster ship, the Government will provide them with more work; on the contrary, it strongly hints that it may thereafter copy the ship in its own yards.

It is very unkind of Secretary Baker to deprive certain newspapers of their sensation in the matter of the Lewis machine gun. Stimulated by some army officers, they made a violent assault on the Ordnance Corps and Gen. Crozier, its head. Col. Lewis, they said, had offered to give his remarkable gun to this country, but our hidebound ordnance officers had driven this officer to take the weapon to Europe, where it was eagerly seized upon by the British and Belgian armies for use in this war as the best thing of its kind. Then there was the famous Plattsburgh report of Gen. Leonard Wood, who assembled a board of officers on the spot who, with the aid of certain mechanics, in a brief test were also convinced that the Ordnance Corps did not know its business. When the New York *Times* took up the cudgels for Col. Lewis, the War Department itself appointed a serious board independent of the Ordnance Corps, which promptly upheld the other War Department boards. Now comes along the Inspector-General to end the whole matter by sustaining Gen. Crozier and proving the falsity of the allegation that Col. Lewis offered his invention to the Government. This leaves both Col. Lewis and Gen. Wood in a bad plight.

Evidence that reason is making its way in the councils of the Brotherhoods comes in the statements with reference to the eight-hour demands and to compulsory arbitration made by President W. G. Lee at Evansville, Ind. He confirmed previous rumors that railway and Brotherhood heads have been considering a compromise of the questions involved in the railways' resistance to the eight-hour legislation, and declared that they were hopeful that some agreement could be reached before January 1. It is to be wished that an arrangement mutually satisfactory could be arrived at to lessen the bitterness in evidence ever since the legislation of last summer. More important, however, is Lee's admission that present methods of arbitration have outlived their usefulness. He reiterated the old contention that "compulsory investigation means compulsory service"; but he also stated that "we are not in favor of continuing the present plan." Before Congressional debate has proceeded far the Brotherhoods may be brought to understand what the best plan is.

Though the remainder of the President's programme of railway legislation waits, and the Brotherhoods and Federation of Labor maintain their opposition, the eighth annual convention of the Canadian Federation of Labor has adopted a report approving in general the Compulsory Investigation act. It

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also recommended that, as under Australian legislation, the enforcement of awards should be made compulsory; and that the act should be made applicable to all government employees except those under the civil service act, and to all industries instead of to public utilities alone. It is also worth noting that the new report of the Canadian registrar of boards of conciliation and investigation presents figures which show a more successful operation of the act than labor bodies opposing such a law in America have admitted. With seventeen cases dealt with in the last year, a total of 191 disputes have been handled since 1907. Boards have been granted in 169 instances; and threatened strikes averted in all save twenty. A notably successful feature has been the application of the act, effective since last March, to disputes in industries producing munitions. As a result no serious trouble has occurred there, though the Ministry "had become aware of the existence, at some points, of considerable underlying friction." The spectacle of the American Federation fighting compulsory investigation, while the Canadian Federation, after nearly ten years' experience, even recommends its extension, is significant.

The overwhelming vote by which the Senate passed the Immigration bill, 64 to 7, will rejoice the hearts of those who hope to see it passed over the President's veto. In its form it is even worse than when Mr. Wilson vetoed it the last time, for it has a vicious clause aimed at the Hindus. Under its provisions George Washington and other Revolutionary patriots would have to be excluded were they, reëmbodied, to seek admittance to our shores. It denies the right of asylum to political refugees of the kind that the United States has, heretofore, ever delighted to honor. A new Garibaldi, or Kossuth, would be refused permission to enter this country. The bill imperils the international situation, so far as our relations with Japan are concerned. Indeed, in almost every aspect it is un-American.

In its economic results this law may have a far-reaching effect upon conditions in this country at the close of the war. Because of the struggle abroad immigration has fallen off, as every one knows, with the result that there is a great dearth of labor. Some of our railways are bringing up Mexicans by hundreds, if not thousands, and the emigration of negroes from the South continues in such numbers as to alarm that section and to intensify the negro problem of the North. When the war is over there cannot be a rush to this country from the warring nations in sufficient numbers to cause a glut in the labor market, not even though the munitions plants go out of business. There will probably remain a shortage of workers, and that will be increased by the Immigration bill if it becomes a law. As for the literacy test, it remains in the bill. It is as indefensible a means of picking out good citizens as would be a test based upon the color of the immigrant's hair or eyes. As President Wilson said in his last veto message, "restrictions like these, adopted earlier in our history as a nation, would very materially have altered the course and cooled the humane ardors of our politics."

The country has not been hanging breathless on the returns from West Virginia, but it is easy to imagine its anxiety had that State and not California offered the deciding vote, and offered it in such a way that the change of one elector would have settled the result. The announcement that, while Hughes carried the State by 2,721 votes, one Democratic elector was actually chosen, illustrates anew the uncertainties possible under our system in a close contest. Had that elector been the critical one, the country might now be ringing with charges and counter-charges of fraud. Col. S. A. Scott, the Republican, was defeated by Orlando De Pue because a predecessor concluded he could no longer support Hughes and withdrew. It ought to be possible in each State to make certain that when election day comes there will be a full complement of loyal party electors, vacancies by death, resignation, or disqualification having been filled with automatic perfection. It ought to be understood that personalities should play no part in the balloting, that each man should be regarded as a mere piece of machinery, and that there should be no "low elector" and "high elector." Vacancies in the electoral ranks after election should also be definitely arranged for. The first and last of these requirements, at least, the States could easily meet by their own enactments.

The response of American colleges to the proposal that they should make it easy for Mexican youths to come here to study has been prompt and generous, more than a hundred institutions having made definite offers of assistance in the form of remission of tuition fees or of scholarships covering the expense of both board and tuition. The other part of the project, for a visit of fifty Mexican educators to this country, has met with less success so far, although it may be regarded as the more important half of the plan. The objection has been made that such a visit is not expedient at this time, because of the strained relations between the two countries. This has a fantastic sound. Relations are not what they should be, but to call them strained in the sense of militating against such a visit as that proposed is to exaggerate what is abnormal in them. A preliminary looking over of the ground by men who know the qualifications of Mexican students would seem highly desirable. To arrange for a year of study which proved ill-adapted to the needs of those who came might do more harm than good. Some one of our educational foundations or an individual has the opportunity of rendering an international service by making the suggested visit of Mexican educators possible. The matter is in the hands of Stanley R. Yarnall, of the Friends' School, Germantown, Philadelphia.

According to an investigator of the Abbeville, S. C., lynching of six weeks ago, writing in the *Independent*, few more outrageous mob-crimes have ever occurred in the South. The victim was a well-to-do negro farmer named Crawford, who was killed because he had cursed a white cottonseed dealer for what he supposed was an attempt to cheat him, and had then resisted a crowd that tried to horsewhip him. The local officials were inert at the time. The investigator declares that "the splendid stand of Gov. Manning, the unanimity of condemnation by the press of South Carolina, and the resurrection of decency in the Abbeville court house . . . together constitute an act of self-assertion on the part of the nobler South which marks the dawn of a new day." The Governor is determined to have the State prosecutor bring the lynchers to trial; the press speaks with an indignation now happily familiar in such cases. But the most encouraging fact is that, whereas the mob had decreed that Crawford's sons should abandon his $20,000 farm by November 15, the law-abiding citizens of Abbeville have overruled this and declared that order shall be preserved, even if Federal assistance has to be invoked.

As obituary notices of the late Hugo Münsterberg have hinted, there were many who disliked his personality and questioned his

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scientific temper; though it is possible to say that he was a man of intellectual distinction and real influence and that his career is part of the strong tradition of German scholarship in America. He represented two sides of modern Germany, for with zeal for abstract research he joined a desire to make science useful in furthering everyday efficiency. His abiding belief in applied psychology found many expressions. He won his widest attention when he tried to make the study useful in the courtroom; his last book was an interesting attempt to employ psychological principles to improve the motion picture; his last extra-mural lecture was upon the psychology of business. He gained a certain reputation as a seeker after *réclame* in all this, and could ill dissipate it by his serious researches at the Harvard laboratory, yet he actually led the public to take a more charitable view of psychological method. He worked hard to interpret Germany and America to each other, and "The Americans" is fertile in ideas.

GERMANY'S MOVE FOR PEACE.

To appreciate the immense significance of the steps towards peace taken by the German Government it is only necessary to recall what its attitude has been for more than a year past. It has been an absolute *non possumus*. Germany could never take the initiative. She was, to be sure, ready for an "honorable" peace, but not hers was the responsibility of beginning the negotiations. Again and again the German Chancellor has washed his hands in the presence of the whole world. Germany could only fight on and wait for the Allies to make the first proposals. But now Germany makes them. We seem, therefore, to have before us proof that the prolonged strain and the demonstrated impossibility of a complete victory for German arms have impelled the German rulers to do what six months ago they declared that they could not do—that is, make definite advances for peace. The demand for peace upon any reasonable terms must have been stronger among the German people than we knew. It must be that Germany's bankers and manufacturers and ship-owners have been moving quietly but insistently to seek an end to conditions which are more and more threatening them with ruin.

Remarkable utterances by German publicists have recently been allowed to appear in the German press. Thus in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, not long since, a member of the Reichstag, Herr Gothein, had some very frank comments upon the terms of peace as outlined by Lord Grey and Lloyd George. Especially as regards their proposal of a "League of Nations" to keep the peace, he declared that "this is a pacifist programme with which every state can agree after the terrible experiences of this war." And on Germany's aims and the possibility of an early peace, Herr Gothein was very explicit:

> We do not strive for world-mastery. We wish to destroy or oppress no nation. We will gladly submit national disputes and differences of opinion to international courts of justice. Therefore, if this is also the peace aim of England, the war need not go on; there is no need for daily slaughter or crippling of tens of thousands of men; Europe need not plunge further into spiritual and economic ruin.

In another issue of the same newspaper, the *Tageblatt*, Dr. Dernburg had a significant article. It contained not merely professions but at least one confession. He admitted that Germany had not done what she should, before the war, to prevent war. Here are his words:

> With the utmost conviction, I declare that the German nation wants with all its power to avoid such terrible happenings as the present world-war, and it wants all means to be brought into action which can help in this matter. We have never cut a good figure at the Hague Conference, not, perhaps, because we were not in the right, but because we shouted our own opinions of the proposals made there with such brutal coolness that the other side, which consisted of the leading men of the other nations of the world, was deeply offended. That was certainly nothing to boast about, and certainly not diplomacy.

In the whole matter of the peace advances of Germany, it is the business of statesmen, as it is the duty of impartial observers, to discriminate between form and substance. The form of the German note was offensive. It was couched in the language of a haughty victor. Reading it, as also in following the Chancellor's speech down to its closing sentences, one would think that an unquestioned conquerer was about to announce the conditions on which he would spare the lives of enemies absolutely at his mercy. But this was only the embroidery of it, only the Hohenzollern way. Behind all the boastfulness lies the plain fact that Germany has an intense desire to stop fighting. Coming forward with all the flourishes of a *Germania triumphans*, she is actually a suppliant for peace. In her attitude to-day stands confessed the truth that the aims and hopes with which the German rulers entered into this war have been frustrated. Germany can neither impose her will upon Europe nor dictate a peace. She has set out to seek the best terms she can get. Let no one be blinded to this essential fact by all the fripperies of German oratory.

It is said that the German approaches to the Allies are insincere. They are described as a trick to fool neutrals, a trap to catch the Allies. The German note, with its studied vagueness, is pictured as a master-stroke of unscrupulous diplomacy. Well, even granting all this, the course for the Allies to pursue is plain. What is the best way to expose a trick? Why, by acting in straightforward good faith. How can a Machiavellian diplomat be easiest confounded? By opposing him with the weapons of frankness and of truth. The Allies would not in the least weaken their position if they responded to the German inquiry that they would be glad to receive Germany's offer of peace. When they know what the terms are, they will be perfectly free to say what they think of them. Germany will be sure to ask at first more than she expected to get. The hope of an agreement would lie in continuing to discuss the possibilities. And in such a discussion the Allies might define their own minimum terms in such a way as to command the approval of all neutral nations and so turn the tables upon the alleged wonderfully adroit German diplomacy.

The days which have passed since the German Government astonished the world by proposing to "enter forthwith into negotiations for peace" have made several things clear. One is that the German proposal will not be rejected on sight, with scorn and contumely. At first, there were outcries from irresponsible English and French newspapers, and from a few men in public life, which seemed to advocate flinging Germany's offer back in her face. This attitude was due in part, it is probable, to premature and unfounded accounts of what the German terms would be. But apart from this, there was much ferocious talk about its being impossible to listen to anything from Germany except an unqualified and abject surrender. Even to-day, from Russia, there comes language of that tenor. It is not, however, the prevailing tone. It surely is not the tone that will prevail. In England public opinion is plainly working round to the view that whatever plan Germany puts forward to end the war must be considered on its merits.

We are not saying that the Allies should go into a peace conference blindfold. They will be quite right in first demanding a sight of the terms of peace to which the German note refers. If they knew the conditions which Germany would propose,

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various courses would be open to them. They could declare that the terms were, as a whole, inadmissible, but that certain parts were reasonably satisfactory. Then they could either invite further discussion or lay down explicitly their own minimum terms of peace. And if the question then arose on what stipulations they would consent to enter a peace conference, they might, with the applause of mankind, lay down one indispensable condition—namely, that both parties should agree, before even debating anything else, that Belgium was to be evacuated and restored. If Germany should refuse to accept this necessary preliminary, then it would be she who would be put hopelessly in the wrong.

Our main point is that this is no time to stand on ceremonies and technicalities, or to take counsel of fears rather than of hope. Speculation how far Germany's peace proffers indicate "weakness" will not get the world forward. Little is to be gained by comparative tests of "strength," as shown in the willingness to consider peace. It is not strength so much as common-sense and common humanity that should engage the thoughts of statesmen on both sides. If the professed objects of the war can be reasonably attained by the Allies without further bloodshed and devastation, will any sane man accuse them of "weakness" if they grasp at the opportunity? This is not a time for diplomatic punctilio. The ordinary forms of national folly should be rigorously excluded from the high debate on a possible peace in Europe. The fearful responsibility resting upon all the Governments concerned ought not, indeed, to lead them to relax their vigilance in safeguarding their own and providing for the long future, but neither ought it to fill them with needless fears or paralyze them with dread. What the hour calls for is the statesmanship of simple faith, and of a clear-sightedness which will not forget the goal in too great concern over the exact means of arriving at it.

A REMINDER OF THE UNEARNED DECREMENT.

The sale of Madison Square Garden, under the hammer, to satisfy a mortgage, presents in a conspicuous and interesting instance a phenomenon that is quietly going on, upon a large scale, in a number of sections of New York and other cities, without attracting much public attention. The highest bid that could be got for the property was $2,000,000, although the mortgage debt that it was sold to satisfy was $2,475,000, and there was a second mortgage of $650,000. The price paid by the recent owners when they bought the property from the Madison Square Garden Company in 1911 was $3,375,000. Thus these owners, who, as is well known, have been carrying the property at an annual loss—as had the preceding owners—find at the end of the five years that it fetches a price far below what they paid for it.

In this particular instance it may be said that this experience is due to the peculiar character of the building and its uses. But everybody knows that throughout very considerable sections of the city the same kind of experience has been gone through, and this in the case of properties which at one time seemed not only fully established in business desirability, but apparently destined to steady increase of value. The case of Twenty-third Street has recently been particularly noticed; and the story of Sixth Avenue presents an even more impressive instance. But there are older instances to which we have become so accustomed that we take no notice of them at all. Both on the lower West Side and on the lower East Side, there is a wide belt stretching for miles upon which stagnation or worse has been plainly written for a generation and more. And there are very good residential regions uptown in which a large proportion of the property is worth far less now than it was two or three decades ago. Some of this—possibly all in the end—will recover its value in the future; but in the meanwhile heavy losses are incurred by those who have invested in it, and there is no doubt that a large part of it will register a heavy net loss, when interest, as well as taxes and upkeep, is taken into account, no matter how far in the future the balance may be struck.

What common observation tells us is amply confirmed by the figures of assessment of land values. That these are kept up to true values as closely as possible in the Borough of Manhattan, we all know. On consulting the last report of the Tax Department we find that the total assessment of taxable land values for the Borough of Manhattan was practically the same on January 1, 1916, as it had been on January 1, 1912, the figures being $3,134,000,000 and $3,128,000,000 respectively. Accordingly, the great increases which we know to have taken place in certain rapidly rising spots, and the moderate increases which have occurred in other localities, have been balanced by decreases spread about in the declining areas. Just where these are situated, it would require much research to determine; but a slight indication may suffice to give an idea of them. For the three-year period 1913-16, figures are given for certain major divisions of the various boroughs. One of these, in Manhattan, is Section 3, extending across the island from Fourteenth to Fortieth Street. Here the land values declined from $737,000,000 in 1913 to $672,000,000 in 1916; and evidently this loss of $65,000,000 means a much heavier loss than this in the places that suffered the loss, since there are, even within this district, a number of places where there has been a marked gain.

This element in the story of real-estate values has an important bearing not only on the equity of the single-tax principle, but on its practical operation. Under that principle, applied in its fulness, the owner of city real estate would not profit by any advance in the value of the site, since that would be absorbed by the increased tax; while on the other hand—unless compensation were made to owners in case of declining values, which does not seem to be contemplated by single-taxers—any decline in the site-value would be a dead loss to the owner. This state of things would of necessity make the business of building a wholly different kind of enterprise from what it now is; and rents would have to cover the risk of loss if the enterprise were to be justified. At the present time, of course, that risk has to be taken into account; but the prospect of profit is set against it, with the net result (as a rule) of a favorable balance. The consequence is that in a vast number of cases owners are satisfied with rents yielding distinctly less than normal return on investment; while under the single tax the opposite would be the case. Over and above this, the psychological effect of the prospect of gain as a stimulus to enterprise must be reckoned as a big factor.

There is one more point to which attention should be directed. When the man who builds a house, while cut off from all interest in any enhancement of the value of the land, is compelled to pay taxes keeping pace with that enhancement, he stands to lose not only when the land declines in value, but also when it rises in value. For if he has built a house intended for the uses appropriate to its value to-day, the chances are that the kind of building required to suit the uses of the land when it has doubled or trebled in value is totally different. In that case, in order to meet the new taxation, he

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will be compelled to tear down the house, and will lose every cent that the house is worth. At present, of course, over against this loss stands his gain in the land. And it is to be noted that, even though there might be a practicable method of compensation for loss caused by *decrease* of land value, it is hard to imagine any workable way of compensating owners for loss caused by *increase* of land value—in other words, of making up to them for whatever misfits their improvements might prove to be in the course of time.

WOMEN ACTUALLY IN OFFICE.

That the West was much less surprised than the East by the election of a woman to Congress may be assumed not only from the greater progress of woman suffrage there, but from the frequency with which women have come to be elected to office in suffrage States. Particularly in Nebraska, Colorado, and Montana women hold municipal and county offices. In Colorado a woman is now State Superintendent of Education. In Kansas, at the last election, there were 258 women candidates, and within a few months 155 women will take charge of various local offices. Twelve years ago less than ten women held office in Kansas; now the State has only seventeen counties in which some woman has not been elected. It is natural to find that 59 are superintendents of public instruction; but there are also 47 registers of deeds, 15 county treasurers, three probate judges, and even one coroner. In many States of the Middle West women have long held office as trustees of the State University; the number in suffrage States who are clerks of court is large.

All this has taken place so quietly as to argue its entire naturalness. In general, the women seek either educational offices or those that require clerical ability. The campaign for such offices is usually confined to newspaper advertisements or notices, and the women have been chosen simply because they were regarded as better than the men who competed with them. It is not the distinction that has appealed, but simply the chance to open a new livelihood and a new field of service. It is probable that the amount of office-holding by women will increase markedly in suffrage States, especially in branches relating to health, charities and correction, and general social service. This does not warrant the fears of those who believe, with Frederic Harrison, that women would make a foolish attempt to achieve what are really the lesser honors within their grasp. Nor is there justification for those who are ready to claim for woman an exaggerated share in public administration. One set of writers has contended that women were entitled to a large share of such activities because they brought to them a different focus and valuation from those of man, one more unselfish and "racial," and because society needed this "binocular vision." The Western women have not proceeded on theories of this sort. They have merely shown that—to use phrases of Julia Ward Howe's—"women of sound intellect, of reputable life, having the same stake and interest in the well-being of the community that others have," wish to demonstrate their ability to advance that well-being in certain offices.

The continued election of women to minor offices may be taken as showing that suffrage has increased the number of those from whom fit choices can be made. There is no evidence that the offices are more poorly administered than before. And the entrance of women into fields like that of county education has lessened the contentious spirit of party politics and personal struggle. When women venture into the contest, the electorate studies the merits of the candidates more closely, and with more feeling, conscious or unconscious, for public service. Office-holding is a stimulus to the interest of women in the local governmental affairs in which they can be immediately useful. We know something of the activities of women's clubs in bettering the conditions of the reformatory and prison in Kansas. In a State where women hold office, the vast body of them who would never think of doing so will still find a new impulse to the study of governmental affairs. An Ella Flagg Young is the means of making thousands of women think of the schools. The concern of women with justice and charity, with public recreation, with libraries and museums, with fire and police protection, with city planning, with municipal efficiency, may thus be heightened in any smaller city. In the country a few women in county office will heighten the regard for community centres and better schools.

The due bounds of office-holding by women are hardly to be defined, but will be felt instinctively. That they will not often be passed, we may depend upon voters of both sexes. Generally welcomed as has been the new representative of women's interests in Congress, and prominent as women like Ella Flagg Young, Katharine B. Davis, and Julia Lathrop have become, the number of women in high office will long be comparatively few.

JUDGES AND PROFESSORS.

An unusual contribution to the discussion of academic freedom was made in an article in the *Nation* of December 7 by the professor of law in Northwestern University, J. H. Wigmore. As throwing light upon the principle of academic freedom, he urges the analogy of a legal principle which "has for three centuries stood the test of experience and received universal support"—namely, the principle of "the judge's immunity from civil action by a party claiming to have been wrongfully treated by the judge." The reason for this immunity is that "were the rule otherwise, for the sake of reaching the one judge in a hundred who might act corruptly or maliciously, the ninety-and-nine honest and competent judges would be likely to be harassed continually by complaints *alleging* this malice or corruptness as a nominal pretext for their claim," and consequently "the honest judge's peace of mind would be gone." In like manner, "the protection of the competent thinker in that unhampered research and discussion which alone leads to the discovery of scientific truth" cannot be attained if the protection be limited to the competent thinker.

Academic freedom is of such importance that one feels tempted to welcome this confirmation of its validity drawn from a different province of thought and action. But while the analogy adduced by Professor Wigmore is in some respects useful, we cannot accept it as conclusive. The reasons for maintaining professorial independence are not identical with those for maintaining judicial independence. The power with which the judge is clothed, the duty daily confronting him of deciding authoritatively questions at issue between man and man or between the individual and the state, the finality or quasi-finality of his decisions, the vital necessity that these decisions shall, so far as is humanly possible, command the respect of all parties, however strongly their interests or passions may be affected—these things account for both the completeness of the immunity attaching to him in the exercise of his functions and the limitations imposed upon him in his outside activities. Professor Wigmore would transfer to the professor, with but slight qualification, both the judge's immunity within his special province and the restraint upon undertakings outside it. But no such public necessity can be alleged either for giving the professor unlimited immunity in the classroom or for limiting him outside it as exists in the case of a judge. It is true that nothing short of

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grave and unmistakable incompetency should be allowed to disturb a professor's tenure; and accordingly arbitrary removal by trustees should be impossible, and removal by any process should be an extremely rare occurrence. But this is rather because under any other state of things the professor's calling cannot be what it should be, than because of that danger of constant harassment against which the judge, owing to the peculiar character of his duties and his powers, stands in such imperative need of being protected.

When we come to the other half of Professor Wigmore's contention, the invalidity of the analogy becomes of practical moment. Judicial immunity, he says, suggests two limitations upon the professor's immunity: first, that he "should be protected only so long as he keeps within his own jurisdiction," that is, within the field covered by his professorship; and secondly, that "the utterance must have been made while doing some act of the strictly academic function, oral or written." We are at a loss to see any reason for thus marking off professors as a class apart; and the adoption of such a view would carry with it public injury. A professor neither is, nor should be, as a rule, a man consecrated exclusively to the pursuit of his specialty. Besides being a scholar, he is a teacher; and the power of a teacher, especially a great teacher, in the development of both the mind and the character of students, is largely dependent on his personality. To impose upon a professor ardently interested in a public question the restraints indicated by Professor Wigmore's dicta would be to stunt his personality; to have it understood that these restraints existed would be to lower in the minds of all students the human standing of all professors. Still greater would be the loss that the nation would suffer in such a limitation of the breadth and freedom with which opinions on vital questions could be uttered by one of the few classes of men whose intellectual training, whose ideals, and whose conditions of work are calculated to make their utterances from time to time a salutary corrective of current opinion or an impressive protest against wrong accomplished or threatened. One does not, nowadays, turn naturally to Germany, for example; but it was there, in the older day, that the tradition of academic freedom was best represented, and we trust that something of it yet survives. At all events, it was still strong enough twenty-five years ago to account for the splendid protest made by the faculties of all or most of the Prussian universities against a reactionary bill relating to the common schools, which was known to have the determined backing of the Kaiser. If the protest had been confined to the professors of pedagogy, or if others could have signed it only at the risk of their professional lives, the bill would have become a law; but the professors killed it, and not one of them lost his head.

The Dutch Constitution and the Dynasty

By A. J. BARNOUW.

The conditions created by the war are not a wholesome atmosphere for democratic principles to breathe and thrive in. The necessity of immediate action forced upon the responsible statesmen of all countries at the outbreak of the conflagration has invested them with an autocratic power beyond the control of the people's representatives. In Holland, the Cabinet rules supreme, and Parliament acquiesces. Discontent, which is vented in the daily press, scarcely finds an echo in the Second Chamber. Even the Minister of Agriculture, who is responsible for the supply and the distribution of foodstuffs, fuel, and all sorts of domestic commodities, and consequently more easily exposed to public criticism than his colleagues, remains scot-free in Parliament. But, in his case, immunity from attack is not due to a recognition, on the part of the people's representatives, of the necessity of arbitrary power in that department, but rather to the Minister's all too ready desire to let them bear part of his responsibility. From a justifiable wish to make them realize the intricacies and difficult problems he has to solve, he appointed several of them members of the various committees whose task it is to control the working of the Minister's regulations for the distribution of each separate commodity. There is a committee for the control of the distribution of potatoes, the potatoes committee so-called; there are an eggs committee, a fish committee, a fuel committee, etc., and in each of them Parliament is represented by one of its members. Thus criticism in the Second Chamber was effectively silenced, for the very Deputies who, by the fact of their being on one of these committees, might have spoken as experts, were least inclined to criticise the Minister's policy for which they had become co-responsible.

De Telegraaf, sole among the daily papers of any importance, has again and again protested against this misconception of a Deputy's duty, and, thanks to its action, public opinion has been roused to opposition. Two political parties, the Roman Catholics and the Liberal Democrats, have clearly repudiated this cession of parliamentary freedom of criticism, by their members resigning the seats they occupied in the committees of control. Curiously enough, the Social Democrats, who might have been expected to be the first to support the action of *De Telegraaf*, have not only withheld their assistance, but even allow their parliamentary members to remain on those committees in which they have accepted a responsible controllership. From oppositionists *à l'outrance* before the war they have become the stanchest supporters of the Cabinet. The necessaries of life go steadily up in price, and the working classes, who do not receive a compensation in an adequate increase of wages, are stared in the face by poverty and starvation. But their chosen spokesmen in Parliament preserve a discreet silence. They have bartered their freedom of criticism for the Cabinet's promise to propose universal suffrage. And thus we witness the curious spectacle of a Cabinet, itself inclined to extend democratic influence on the Government, ruling paramount and uncontrolled by the connivance of that very party which, as the mouthpiece of democracy, should vindicate the control on the Cabinet as the people's principal prerogative.

No wonder that, under these conditions, the nation's interest in domestic politics is on the wane. Not even the opening of discussions on the revision of the Constitution has been able to rouse the lagging interest of the people. The changes proposed by the Government were not of a nature that commands public participation in parliamentary proceedings. They included universal suffrage, the Socialists' bait, but for men only; and nothing short of a proposal of woman suffrage could have wakened the people to keen interest in this department of legislation. Among various classes and parties in Holland the recognition of woman's right to vote is felt to be of greater urgency than the introduction of manhood suffrage. On the "Binnenhof," the old, solemn square in the centre of The Hague round which the Houses of the First and Second Chambers are built, a body of suffragettes stands sentinel day after day, to remind the members of Parliament, who pass in and out, of their moral duty towards the weaker, but no less politically minded, sex. However, their watch is kept in vain. The Government refuses to include the women's wish in its proposals, and any initiative attempted by individual members is thereby doomed to failure.

Nor will another, even more important, wish of the nation, find embodiment in the revised constitution now under discussion: a revision of the law regulating the succession to the throne. The majority of the Dutch are not inveterate monarchists. They do not prefer monarchism for its own sake, but because monarchy is to them identical with the House of Orange. It was not because, a hundred years ago, a Netherlands monarchy was established that the Crown was offered to the Prince of Orange; it was rather because there was a Prince of Orange that Holland became a monarchy. Thus, the Kingdom of Holland is an historical product, the natural development of the Dutch Republic, which under Prince Frederik Hendrik and his successors never was a republic proper, but rather a monarchy in republican disguise. When, in the days of the great Pensionary Johan de Witt, the States-General ruled, for a time, supreme, the old republic, whose rise Motley was to write one day, seemed reëstablished. No sooner, however, did dangers from abroad beset the country on all sides, than the people's first cry was for the Prince of Orange to come to the rescue. Thus it was in 1672, and thus it happened again in 1747. From the early days when William the Silent took the lead in the revolt against Spain, the nation in

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its hour of need has always appealed to the House of Orange, and never appealed in vain. And this truly national dynasty now depends on two lives only: Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Juliana. It is no indelicacy, but the duty of wise statesmanship, to consider the sad possibility of the Queen's little daughter remaining the last descendant of that glorious race. Among the expectants, belonging to several cognate houses, there is not one who knows or cares anything about Holland, her people, and her language. The danger of a man of foreign birth and education becoming invested with a sovereign's power in the land of his adoption is always more to be feared by a small nation than by a large one. The foreign monarch's dynastic ties will imperceptibly attach his country's fate to the interests of that larger state where he was born. And now that the war has taught us what greedy ambitions small nations are prey to, it would seem natural that the first opportunity should be grasped of laying the control of their future in the people's own hands.

The American nation will have no President who is not an American born. Neither should the Dutch. Mr. Israels, a regular contributor on matters of jurisprudence to *De Telegraaf*, has suggested that to the articles regulating the succession a new one should be added declaring that only they who are born and have remained Netherlanders can, by right of succession, obtain the Crown of the Netherlands. No cognates' rights would be impaired by such a provision. A claimant desirous of reserving for his children the reversion of the throne could secure it for them by becoming a naturalized Dutchman and settling in Holland. Professor Fabius, of Amsterdam, a leading figure in the anti-revolutionary party, advocates a more drastic procedure. He wishes to see all collateral heirs excluded from the succession by act of Parliament, so that, in default of lineal descendants, article 21 of the Constitution would come into force, which provides for the nomination of a successor to the deceased monarch by the States-General in joint committee. There is no doubt about it that a revision of the law in either sense would be acclaimed by the entire nation. A few members have expressed their regret in Parliament that no proposal to that effect has been made by the Government. But the Prime Minister, Mr. Cort van der Linden, refused to make the articles on the succession a subject of discussion, adding that the country's interest forbade him to explain why. Unnecessary to say that this mysterious dealing with so vital a question has given rise to various wild and uncontrollable rumors and to a general feeling of bitter discontent. In this state of uncertainty about the future, the nation realizes the better how greatly it is blessed in the life of Queen Wilhelmina and in that of her daughter. To the Queen's noble devotion to her country a beautiful testimony was recently given by one of her former ministers. Mr. Treub, who, at the outbreak of the war, was in charge of the Ministry of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, but has since resigned office, has just published his reminiscences and impressions of those stirring days. And he, who in his ministerial function had ample occasion to witness Queen Wilhelmina's love and care of her people, has dedicated his book to "Her Majesty the Queen, our gifted sovereign, who in anxious days has shown herself a true Mother of her Country."

The Hague, November 11.

The Materialistic Basis of Socialism

By GUSTAVUS MYERS.

I.

Nothing could be more unpalatable and disconcerting to the great bulk of Socialists than the statements of fact contained in the recently published letters of Dr. Karl Liebknecht. Tried on the charge of treason for having taken part in anti-war demonstration, Dr. Liebknecht addressed two expository letters to the Royal Military Court at Berlin. Copies of these letters were smuggled out of prison. One of these copies reached this country a short time ago.

Oddly enough, the real significance of these letters has received no attention, and has been characteristically avoided by Socialist organizations.

The vital point of Liebknecht's position is that it has remained for one lone Socialist Deputy to stand definitely for the principles professed before the war by more than one hundred Socialist Deputies and by the entire Socialist party. For his exceptional courage Dr. Liebknecht, it may be added, is now serving a prison sentence of four years and one month. But his own party, "the great German Socialist party," had previously condemned him by disciplining and practically outlawing him. For what crime? Ostensibly for violating a party caucus rule; in reality for insisting upon standing for the very position which the Socialist party had long assumed. He had refused to vote for the war budget and had denounced the war. So the ironical sight is presented of a repudiated member being the only one to insist conspicuously upon the principles which the Socialist party had for more than forty years declared were fixed integrals of the Socialist movement.

The blunt substance of Dr. Liebknecht's letters makes exceedingly uncomfortable reading for Socialists. This is all the more so considering that here in the United States the Socialists at first excused and glossed over the action of the German Socialists. Then, about a year ago, they suddenly veered about and began to make a hero of Dr. Liebknecht. They had to do something to meet the obviously true accusation that the German Social-Democratic party, the progenitor of other Socialist parties, had betrayed its professed principles. Ignoring their dictum that the organization is sacred and supreme and the individual nothing, Socialists here contradicted their own pet formulas by asserting that the German Socialist organization did not represent the real position; it was Liebknecht who was the ideal, true, and model Socialist. He was brought forth as the Great Exhibit. How remarkable that of a powerful party, only one solitary representative could be pointed out as embodying genuine Socialist principles! This, too, of a party which had developed an ironclad "discipline" elaborated for the express purpose of preventing "the ruling class" from using or disrupting the "class-conscious working-class movement"!

The Socialist party as a whole in the United States had always looked up to the German Socialist party, had reverenced its personnel, had imitated its methods and its assumed ideals, and had slavishly followed its tactics, discipline, and literature. In fact, the Socialist party here was founded by Germans; the German element is still a leading factor. The goal of the Socialist leaders in this country was to emulate those of the German Social-Democratic party as closely as possible; any venturesome member of the American Socialist party who too strenuously doubted the wisdom of this course was quickly put under the ban.

In view of these facts, Dr. Liebknecht's declarations are illuminating. He holds that "the German Government, in its social and historical composition, is an instrument for the oppression and exploitation of the working masses; it serves the interests of the Junkertum, of capitalism, and of Imperialism both at home and abroad."

He declares that the German Government has been and is the strongest promoter of competitive armament, which "was one of the most important factors in the creation of the causes of the present war." Further, he holds that the German Government, "in partnership with the Austrian Government, plotted to bring about this war," and that the German Government "started the war with misleading the masses of the people and even the Reichstag" by concealments and elimination of certain dispatches and ultimatums. Dr. Liebknecht describes the appallingly barbarous methods of war that the German Government has used and denounces its predatory designs of conquest. "To-day," he goes on, "it still clings to its war aims of conquest, and so forms the main obstacle in the way of immediate peace upon the basis of renunciation of annexations and oppressions of all kinds."

This seems to be a scathing arraignment of the German Government. So it is directly. But indirectly it is a much more withering indictment of the German Socialist organization. Everything that Dr. Liebknecht here denounces was long opposed by the Socialist party—in words. Its very formation, existence, and operations were based upon one large pretension, that of militant opposition to capitalism, with all of its supplementary products. In words, too (what vast emissions of them!), it fiercely assailed "the ruling class" and its concocted wars as brutal uses of ruthless power aiming to aggrandize itself at the expense of the working class.

The Socialist party did, however, stand for two kinds of wars. One kind—and its chief self-accredited aim—was "the class war." The other kind was "a war of self-defence"—a most ingenious reservation of a party priding itself on its fecundity of deep historical knowledge. What nation setting out on a war of conquest has not pretended, with a fine show of grievances, that it was

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merely forestalling attacks from some designing nation or nations, scheming for its ruin?

If Dr. Liebknecht's bill of particulars is true (which strongly appears in every instance to be the case), then we find that the German Social-Democratic party is in full partnership with an autocratic Government which plotted the war; which rushed war armaments; which succeeded, in its aims for conquest, in bringing about this war of unprecedented devastation. The German Socialist party has approved and has continued to approve the war budgets, thereby sanctioning the war and all of its present and ulterior methods and purposes.

Apparently an organized opposition to the Government, the German Social-Democracy degenerated, at the first test, into a mere servile adjunct, a mockery of all that it pretended to advocate. It solemnly accepted the Government's explanation that Germany acted only because she "was attacked." But was the German Socialist group actually deceived? With its vaunted infallible "scientific analysis" of both current affairs and history and its boasted superiority of prediction, could it have been unaware of the significance of Germany's intense preparations for war during preceding years? Could it have forgotten such an episode as Bismarck's forgery of a telegram leading to the Franco-Prussian War? And was it so simple as not to suspect that such a trick might be repeated? Yet not a Socialist Deputy or committee challenged any assertion that the Kaiser's Government chose to give out. The body of Socialist Deputies meekly swallowed everything they were told. The Kaiser gathered them in his arms. They were instantaneously immune from imprisonment and execution and became likely candidates for Imperial favor.

And now we behold this wonderful "emancipatory party," which was to liberate the working class from oppression and war's slaughter, the chief mainstay of a war in which many millions have already been slaughtered, hundreds of thousands massacred and starved, and in which still other hundreds of thousands are being enslaved by barbaric methods the like of which have not been practiced for several thousand years. And it was only after neutral "capitalist governments" had vigorously protested against the deportation of Belgians that the German Socialist party a few days ago announced its opposition to this policy. This was merely one more example of German Socialist "resoluting" which the German Government knows how to take at its real worth. I say *mainstay* advisedly. When the war broke out, the German Chancellor, elated with the practically solid Socialist support, was able to put the justification before the world to the effect that "an inner force drives us onward, even the Socialists support the war." The German Chancellor well knew that, inasmuch as the German Socialists had always assumed to move on a lofty moral plane and had been accepted by the world as persistent opponents of war for conquest, their support gave the German Government the strongest claim it could make of waging a war in "self-defence."

Socialists in the United States sought to excuse the action of the German Socialist Deputies by falling complacently back upon the explanation that the German Socialists "did not have the power" to resist the Government. Parenthetically, the fact may be here interjected that Socialists have always glowingly extolled the examples of such men as Giordano Bruno, Savonarola, John Huss, John Brown, and other such protestors, who alone sublimely stood for their convictions and died for them. But when their own party, with its mass of representatives and millions of followers, is charged with having committed one of the grossest betrayals of self-asserted principles in history, Socialists assuringly answer that their party "did not have the power." Need it be said that power, when backed by an army, is no moral power at all? Moral fibre is of a very different composition; a single individual may possess what an entire organization may flagrantly lack.

II.

Self-examination and introspection are not relished in the Socialist party. They are not encouraged and are seldom tolerated. Notwithstanding this most obvious breakdown of enormous pretensions, there has not only been no serious attempt to question the basic philosophy, but any efforts in that direction meet with general apathy or derision. The concepts and interpretations of Socialists were rigidly established at a time when materialistic premises were the fashion with scientists, philosophers, and economists. But in the last few decades, as investigation has proceeded and discoveries of hitherto unknown phenomena have taken place, the concepts of man and matter held by scientists have undergone a striking transformation. But most Socialists, notwithstanding these great changes in the world of science and in other domains of thought, still cling with the tenacity of orthodox zealots to the sweeping materialist interpretations popular forty and fifty years ago. Had Socialists devoted careful study to modern science and its widening horizon of meanings, their conceptions and theories would be radically different in a number of important respects. Instead of concentrating upon man as a purely physical creature, whose every aspiration, act, and motion is (according to their ultra-materialistic theory) determined by the needs of the stomach, they might have come to see that, although visibly physical, he is even more an intellectual and spiritual being. With the acceptance of a virtually exclusive notion of man as a materialistic automaton, it could hardly be expected that either solid conviction or moral fibre would develop.

Where masses of people are taught in practice to exalt their bodily welfare as the one supreme aim of existence, naturally mind and spirit deteriorate. In a crisis this process of doctrine culminates into the one idea of conserving life and safety. It is then that the effects of the corroding corruption show. The devotees of this doctrine, always prizing bodily security as their great aim, seek to hold on as long as possible, no matter at what expense of self-stultification, to the physical things which they most esteem.

The materialistic absorptions of the German Socialist leaders showed clearly in their abject surrender. The movement, in a word, was one without character, and character is a spiritual reflection. In Russia deep suffering and stifled aspirations under despotism have called forth long and marked evidences of character on the part of great numbers who in past decades have welcomed imprisonment, exile, or execution. If Socialists there have shown signal moral courage, so have other protestors. This action has not been because of materialistic philosophy, but despite it. The inspiration came from something far different from the dictates of the stomach.

It can justly be said that a movement dominated largely, if not entirely, by materialist concepts and by the aim of vote-getting tends more and more to slight the worth of character, and then to lose sight of its importance altogether. It comes to regard character as a mere sentimental consideration of no practical effect whatever in a world governed by "the laws of economic determinism." And this tendency is intensified where the action of the mass is lauded, over-emphasized, and sanctified as that of an authority which it is heretical presumption to question. The potent fact is overlooked that the mass is only a combination of individuals, and that if the individuals lack character the mass assuredly will lack it also. Furthermore, the chronic habit of forever looking upon things objectively and placing an undue share of blame upon external forces such as systems or conditions, leads inevitably to a state of mind in which self-examination of individual or movement is not merely neglected, but scorned. It is much more comfortable to castigate some outside force as being responsible for large inner deficiencies.

I speak from long experience when I also say that the Socialist leaders not only do not welcome criticism of the Socialist movement, its position, or doings, but fiercely resent it even when it is of an instructive or constructive nature. The old formulas must not be disturbed. In the very act of insisting upon freedom of speech and demanding the fullest rights for themselves to criticise and denounce capitalists, these Socialists refuse to accord the same right to any critic of the Socialist party. The list of actual reprisals is a long one, not unaccompanied by boycotts and blacklists. Notwithstanding the obvious lessons of the war and the conclusions to which they perforce lead, it is worthy of note that the same old dicta are being promulgated and there is evidenced the same opposition to any deep introspective examination of causes and events.

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Belgium

The indignation meetings over the deportation of the Belgians which have taken place in Boston and New York and in other parts of the land are indeed insufficient acts of sympathy for a country that has suffered so much. But however helpless Americans apparently are to avert this horror, their thoughts will turn at this Christmas season inevitably to Belgium: Others she saved, herself she could not save. Nor is there any irreverence in quoting the mocking words flung at the supreme act in all history. For Belgium by her resistance to Germany kept alive, though herself prostrate and crushed, the memory of Christian virtues when Christianity was brutally assailed.

In a war whose heaped-up horrors have spread over many countries and by their countless demands have almost glutted and benumbed the sensibilities of neutrals, there has been a steady response to the sufferings of Belgium. It is not because she was the first to fall under the ruthless onset, but because the spectacle of simple duty performed against overwhelming odds stirred the hearts and consciences of many who, but for her, might have seen in this war nothing but the confusion of might striking might. Whatever her subsequent fate, measured in material prosperity, she has already become in the minds of most a bright symbol, which, more than anything else in the reconstruction after peace is declared, will make impossible the recurrence of such a crime. Louvain, Termonde, Alost, Tournai—they, too, have "launched a thousand ships." But they have launched a thousand pities, too, and are even now an imperishable memory.

It may not be a complete solace to those whose homes are disrupted, while husbands and sons are driven like cattle, and wives and children remain to mourn the hearths which once they loved, to know the high destinies which are theirs. Yet the crime of Belgium will never be forgot—it will not be if we in America, the one powerful voice among neutrals, insist so far as in us lies that in the day of reckoning Belgium shall have the witness of all the world against the villany of a brutal foe. And with this witness we may hope that all that Belgium symbolizes of honor and good faith will find security in the hearts and purposes of men.

The War Christmas, 1916

Christmas snow is falling, falling,
Wintry winds are calling, calling
To the dying year.
In their lofty belfries swinging
Christmas bells are ringing, ringing,
Rapturous and clear.

Far away the din of battle,
Cannons' roar and shrapnel's rattle,
Rend the midnight air;
Messengers of death are flying,
Tortured men for help are crying,
Dying everywhere.

Long ago when flocks were sleeping,
With their faithful shepherds keeping
Silent watch, by night,
Suddenly a light shone o'er them,
And a seraph stood before them,
Radiantly bright.

Come again, O heavenly vision,
Angels from the fields Elysian
To the shadowed earth,
"Glory in the highest!" singing,
To mankind the tidings bringing
Of the Saviour's birth.

In the hour of dread and danger
Guide us to the humble manger,
Bid our anguish cease;
As we kneel before the holy
New-born Child, so meek and lowly:
Christ, the Prince of Peace.

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation

BY ONE OF ITS FOUNDERS.

On the last four days of 1914 a group of 120 Christian men and women met in Trinity Hall, Cambridge, England, impelled by a common reaction against the war, which had then been waging for a period of five months. They came from every part of the British Isles, having as their fundamental conviction a consciousness of the radical antitheses between Christianity and Militarism. In many cases they had felt rather than thought their way into the conviction which brought them together, and, after four days of conference, in an atmosphere of worship, they became the nucleus of a permanent movement which stands to-day in England as a Christian protest against war and the war spirit.

Yet its witness is primarily positive, for it stands for the aggressive application here and now of the Christian principle of Love as the real antidote of all those evils which find their focus in war, and as the solvent of every problem, personal, social, or international. It recognizes in war an honest attempt by terrible means to accomplish the defeat of some evil which threatens the national life; but it declares the futility of such means ultimately to eradicate evil. In the light of the Christian ethic, evil can only be overcome by the transformation of an evil will into a good will; and this is accomplished, not by violence, but by the moral response of the man of ill will to the good will of his neighbor. For this reason the members of the Fellowship are unable to participate in any operation of war, believing that, as Christian men and women, they are called instead to a life service of Love, in the largest sense, for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. This has led of necessity to a refusal to comply with the terms of the Conscription acts now in force in Great Britain; and, in the consequent clash between the conscientious objector to warfare and the military authorities, the members of the Fellowship have borne the brunt of social ostracism and physical suffering which takes one back to the days of Stuart persecution. Yet it is not open to question that the military are in the main acting with a sincerity equal to that of the conscientious objector himself.

This, indeed, is the real tragedy of the situation. It is not a clash between right and wrong, but between two opposing conceptions of right. The militarist holds as his cardinal conviction that to save civilization in this world crisis it is the highest duty of every able-bodied man to bear arms and resist the enemy by force, if need be to the death. He is, therefore, merely acting in accord with his convictions when he endeavors by brutal ill-treatment, by semi-starvation, by barbarous punishment, by solitary confinement, by fetters and bonds, and even by sentence of death, to break the will of these men, whose loyalty to what they deem a Higher Law impels them to refuse obedience to the demands of military law. It ought to be said, however, that the British people and Parliament did not anticipate this clash of convictions when Conscription was enacted; and legal provision was made in the acts of Parliament whereby the anti-militarist conscience should be free to play its part in other than military ways. But, unfortunately, the administration of the acts has been bungled and mismanaged, with the consequent imprisonment or ill-treatment of several thousand of England's finest idealists. For the men who thus suffer are in large number of cases men of proved character and ability, and they have ranked among the leaders of the nation's social servants in times of peace. Amid all this, the Fellowship of Reconciliation stands solidly for the Christian ethic, not merely as an ideal for the future, but as a way of life for the present. It is compromise with this ethic which lies at the root of all war and all social disorder, and only, therefore, as men and women are faithful to its spirit will the disorders of modern life be rectified. The methods of violence can no more solve industrial or social problems than they can solve international problems.

The power of Christian love must be taken frankly and courageously into every relationship between man and man and between group and group. And this Love is no mere anæmic quality; it is the foundation of the most sterling manhood and womanhood. It once

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found its perfect expression in the life and witness of Jesus Christ, who stands in His essential humanity as the supreme Hero of history; and it is His life, therefore, which is the central inspiration of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. That His way of life, translated into the terms of twentieth-century conditions, involves risk, is not denied, but frankly and even gladly recognized. It is considered heroic and noble to take risks when we go to war. Why is it less heroic to take risks in the name of Peace and for the sake of those larger interests of humanity which are inevitably flouted and crushed by war? The Christian Gospel exalts risk as its very core; whatever may be the theological implications of the Cross of Christ, it stands on the historical side as the willingness of a man to face the ultimate risk rather than be false in the minutest particular to that principle of Love which He affirmed to be the governing fact in a divinely ordered universe.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation, therefore, does not stand for a soft and passive immunity from risk. It asks, instead, that men and women shall have the courage frankly to apply Christian Love to every human relationship, in the confidence that this is the surest way of defeating any and every form of evil which threatens the life either of the individual or of the nation. It is a positive message which meets the needs of the twentieth century, and its value is being emphasized more and more as every day of continued war proves the futility of mechanical violence to effect the redemption of the world.

Notes from the Capital

JOHN H. CLARKE.

Whether the Supreme Court of the United States has become "socialized," as some of our radical friends assert, may still be doubtful; but that the forces of socialization have invested the tribunal, no one can deny who watches it enter its semicircular chamber for a daily session. The Democratic ideal has, to borrow a Yankee phrase, "got it comin' and goin'," for at one end of the procession marches Brandeis, and at the other Clarke, while close to the Chief Justice is Holmes, who, though not avowedly a radical, owes his appointment largely to the way in which he handled certain labor issues in the State Court from which he was promoted. It would be hard for any ultra-conservative decision to escape from the Supreme bench with such an array of anti-conservatives on guard.

The striking difference in type between the "advanced" thinkers who play sentinel at the opposite ends of the bench impressed me greatly the other day. Brandeis, with his spare frame, his nervous movements, his far-away look, his carelessly tossed hair, and his scholar's pose, as he leans forward, with one elbow resting on the desk, his head supported by the hand that also shades his eyes from the glare of his low-hung lamp, while he scans the brief before him, offers a model for an artist. Every line of his pose is picturesque, every feature of his face is tributary to the general effect. John Hessin Clarke, at the other extremity of the line, lounges in his chair, the small of his back bearing most of his weight. He is running through a duplicate of the same brief that Brandeis holds; but he turns its pages with no special indication of interest, moistening his thumb or forefinger with his tongue whenever he has to separate the leaves. There is no dusky mop covering the top of his head; on the contrary, unless you are fairly near him, you may be forgiven for thinking he wears a wig, for his stiff, wiry hair, gray to the point of whiteness, has been brushed so many years in just one way that it has acquired a stony precision which its measured waves serve only to accentuate. He follows the fashion of most of his colleagues on the bench in being smooth-shaven; and the slope of his eyebrows, the deep lines on either side of his prominent nose, and the faint suggestion of a droop at the corners of his mouth combine to create an expression which bodes ill to any one who attempts to trifle with the authority he represents. That he is fearless of consequences in the discharge of what he believes to be his duty, no student of physiognomy will question; whether his conceptions of duty will always comport with those of a majority of his fellow countrymen is, of course, another matter.

Like Brandeis, Clarke has never manifested any longing for judicial honors. As Brandeis is by nature a propagandist, so Clarke is by nature a fighter. Both appear to have been selected for the bench, not because they had made a record for the successful arbitration of disputes, but for the purpose of injecting a new leaven into the Supreme Court lump. Until very recently, Clarke's great ambition has been to make his way into the United States Senate; and long before any definite steps had been taken towards changing the manner of choosing Senators, he had organized a movement for their election directly by the people. Although his attitude on this point was hailed by the foremost advocates of popular government as due wholly to his faith in the wisdom of the proletariat, I have my doubts about that, rather suspecting that the impulses behind it were, first, his horror at the bribery scandals which usually accompanied a hard struggle in a Legislature over a Senatorship, and, secondly, his deep-rooted aversion to roundabout methods where straight ones are practicable—the same consideration which led him, in the District Court over which he lately presided, to modify the procedure so as to cut the many strands of red tape which had been embarrassing its conduct. On the other hand, he is no despiser of forms and ceremonies where they mean anything, as shown by his uniform practice in admitting aliens to citizenship, with the design of impressing them with a notion of the dignity of the privileges with which the state was clothing them, and the solemnity of the obligations they were assuming.

In manner, Justice Clarke is composed, deliberate, and inclined to make such concessions to an adversary as courtesy would demand; but when he sets out to speak his mind he has about as candid a tongue as any man in American public life. During his contest with Mark Hanna for the Senatorship from Ohio in 1903, he announced his intention to publish a sworn statement of his campaign expenses, because "there are more than enough men in the Senate now who are suspected, justly or unjustly, of having obtained their positions by questionable methods and means. Not under any circumstances will I permit myself to be added to that number!" And now and then he would particularize by referring to "the unholy alliance between George B. Cox and Senator Hanna," through which Cox was seeking "to lay his polluting and polluted hands . . . upon the judiciary of the State and country"; or by taking a fling at Ohio's representation in the Senate then by a man identified with "the Trust interests so completely that he is known throughout the land as 'the corporation and Trust Senator.'"

In Ohio, Clarke is regarded as a great orator. From what I have heard of his judicial utterances before taking his present seat, I infer that a little of his oratory sometimes overflows into his decisions, by way of explaining some uncommon position he has taken. He has laid a considerable stress upon the importance of legislation to place a curb upon judges so as to prevent their working injustice through emergency injunctions and punishments for contempt of court without a jury trial. In spite of his dislike of these summary measures, however, one of his most notable acts on the District bench was to compel an embarrassed railway company to open its shops after they had been closed by a receiver for the purpose of saving expense—the reopening being ordered because the employees of the company needed the wages they had been earning. Precisely where a magistrate's duty in law and equity leaves off in such a case, and his social duty begins, will probably remain a question for dispute till the dawn of the millennium. TATTLER.

Literature

THE IRISH INSURRECTION.

The Irish Rebellion of 1916 and Its Martyrs: Erin's Tragic Easter. By Padraic Colum, Maurice Joy, and others. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $2.50 net.

The Insurrection in Dublin. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

In Ireland last Easter there broke out suddenly a small but fierce insurrection, the result of plans made deliberately and with considerable ability and foresight. In Dublin more than a thousand Irish Volunteers, assisted by other men and also by women, stood to arms for an Irish republic. Elsewhere the efforts were of little avail and soon collapsed, but in the capital a negligent government was taken by surprise, and the rebels, establishing themselves in the post office and in well-chosen places, seemed, for a moment, to have obtained command of the city. So calmly and with such utter devotion was the task undertaken that in a narrative of their exploits the attempt appears almost reasonable. But it was in truth the maddest and most hopeless enterprise, as some of the leaders themselves understood. The O'Rahilly, who lost his life bravely soon after, was against the thing, while Eoin MacNeill, to whose writing the very institution of the Volunteers was due, broke the back of the rebellion by issuing at the last moment an order that members were not to stir forth.

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How hopeless the thing was could be seen in the days which followed. "Supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength," Ireland "strikes in full confidence of victory," ran the proclamation of the provisional government; but if there was any support for the undertaking in America it availed nothing, nor was England's grip of the sea lost for a moment, so that after the capture of Casement and the sinking of the German cargo of arms, it was evident that the republic must stand by itself. The mass of the Irish people looked on in apathy and wonder while the forlorn struggle was waged. Never was the might of Britain readier for the crushing of rebellion. Great bodies of troops came speeding across the waters, and at once the end was in sight.

Of the fighting, with respect to which both these books have copious detail, not much need be said, save that the republicans seized strategic places, and fought bravely. Taking the houses which commanded the approach to their "forts," and excelling as they did in sniping and fighting from roofs, they repulsed with loss the first attempts to rush their positions. This they did so well that much of the city near them was destroyed by artillery before they were crushed. Outlying houses which protected them were cleared or reduced to ruin. Points of vantage were seized by St. Stephen's Green, after which the encampment below was swept by machine guns and rendered untenable. Sackville Street, pride of the city, was ruined by shells and the fire which followed. Altogether two hundred buildings were destroyed, to the value of two and a half millions sterling.

Of plundering and of shooting down unarmed soldiers and civilians there is little or nothing in these books, though from the accounts one may see how even with best intentions the very nature of the undertaking involved chance of a great deal of it all. But much is given to show that the leaders of the enterprise and many of the rank and file were inspired by best and loftiest motives. Sinn Fein represented some of that spirit of nationalism which in Europe in the last hundred years has brought about so much of the mighty and grand and again so much that is pathetic, a great deal that is fine and enduring, and something destructive and terrible. It seems certain that the rebels were not selfish politicians or truculent brawlers, but inflamed with the sacred fire of belief that Ireland, weak and oppressed, could find happiness only in being herself and realizing national life of her own. This they sought to bring about.

Such men as Pearse and McDermott recked little that their enterprise was hopeless, but much that their countrymen might be roused to conceive a land of Irish spirit and life. And the first of these volumes has some importance in that it helps one to see that the spirit of Sinn Fein, "ourselves alone," was more potent in making this rebellion than any labor unrest, or fear of conscription, or sense of actual oppression, though that existed, or memory of old-time wrong. If the stories here given are true, during the last tragic moments, in the smoke and ashes of the city and of their cause, the leaders stood gladly forth to their death, believing their ideal not lost and well worth spending their lives for.

They embodied, indeed, with the visionary and unpractical, a great deal that was most liberal and progressive in Ireland. Their homes seem to have been centres not merely for planning the independence of the country, but for discussing the new and the interesting, and also for creating much that was distinctive in newer Irish literature and thought. Padraic Pearse was more celebrated and successful as schoolmaster than as revolutionary leader, and his colleagues were largely social workers, labor leaders, poets, artists, and dreamers. Some of them had collected Irish poetry and written verses of their own in the spirit of the old Celtic past; some had urged that the soul of their people should be purged of alien thought; some had long striven to raise from the abyss unorganized workingmen in Dublin. And it is interesting to note that their proclamation mentioned establishment of "a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women."

But if as regards nationalism and independence these men were moved solely by lofty feelings and high ideals, their vision in respect of the larger things of the world was narrow, and their ideas faulty and small. To them it meant little that Irish separatism cannot be consistent with the interests of the British Empire, that England was engaged in deadly struggle with her mightiest foe, or even that England, despite her mistakes and blindness in Ireland, has stood for what is best in Europe and in the world.

Mr. Joy's volume, which is well illustrated, contains contributions by various sympathizers, Padraic Colum and himself furnishing the larger portion. The writing is fairly dispassionate, and notwithstanding intemperate expressions on the part of those who have suffered or endured bereavement, in general the spirit is one of glorying in a cause not doubted and of sorrow in losing what is dear, rather than of vituperation, hatred, or anger. There is judgment of English misrule and oppression, with many a tale of the suffering of martyr and patriot, but the striking feature of these pages is the calm, unwavering belief in Irish independence, with which the best and most enlightened government by England would be inconsistent because it would be alien. The second part of the book contains biographies of those who took part in the rising. The portraits are idealized and no flaws appear, but while the description may be incomplete, we believe that it reveals well the soul of nationality that wishes to exist.

Mr. Stephens's small book can be read at a sitting. It is something like a diary, and reminds us a little of the "Journal" of Defoe. One hears of the peaceful city, of those who first went abroad in the streets and saw nothing unwonted, of the crowds that watched strange doings from a distance, of the seizing of the Green, the barricades in the streets, the girls who carried messages, the silent Volunteers who came and went from houses deserted, the townsfolk who gaped and looked on as at doings of another world, of the crack of rifles from the roofs and the deadly machine guns, of the flight of shells into the houses, the glare in the sky at night, the hunger, the desolation, the suffering, and the ruin. The book is written with much detachment and with many a wise remark. The author believes that the hapless undertaking had no widespread support, and little sympathy at first; but he believes that, even though they fought mistakenly, some good and devoted men perished; and he asserts that the British Government lost a wondrous opportunity for real conciliation when it refused the clemency which might well have been shown after triumph. We wonder whether this was possible—therein is the tragedy of the thing.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Stranger at the Hearth. By Katharine Metcalf Roof. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Nina Varesca, the American wife of an Italian nobleman, returns to New York for the first time in ten years to find her native city "hoodlumized—shops, restaurants, street cars, theatres." Her saddened amazement at the changes which have come during her absence lends the author opportunity for much shrewd observation of life in "the public place" as distinct from the life led in the same city in the shelter of the individual home. Taking the city as the epitome of conditions in the country at large, Miss Roof is not sanguine over the outcome. "You can't deluge a country," says one of the persons of her tale, "with a strange people whose racial psychology, habits, and standards are totally at variance with its original inhabitants and evolve a good, clean, consistent type . . . the personal and material standards of the least progressive classes in Continental Europe are replacing the altruistic Anglo-Saxon ideals of our original democracy. We aren't Americanizing them. They are de-Americanizing the country." Holding a brief for this discouraged opinion, the author pins her hopes to a type of American, represented by one Griscom, a paragon of the "Anglo-Saxon" qualities of self-restraint, poise, and uprightness. Whether it be that the satirist cannot spare even her own champions, she contrives, at any rate, that the incorruptible Griscom should declare, in his own un-Italian way, his passion for the Italian's wife, and in due time that the American countess, for all her integrity, should avow her reciprocating love for Griscom. Tar-

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tuffe in the person of a futilely philandering popular novelist is the only plot-ridden lay figure in the book, which, despite some glibness in the psychology of national traits and in the history of our American civilization, is a conscientious protest against any relaxing of the social ideal.

Lady Connie. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: The Century Co.

This is very characteristically "a Ward," as the critic in another field of art would say. In subject and in treatment it is unmistakable. Here is the atmosphere of a romance at once polite and passionate. Here is the beautiful and intense maiden, well-born, high-bred, asking much of life, who quivers through so many of Mrs. Ward's earlier pages. She is, moreover, the maiden of the eighties, who has not learned to be ashamed of being feminine. Lady Connie, to be sure, is, through her Continental upbringing, more advanced in some ways than her English stay-at-home sisters. She has more knowledge of men, more freedom of speech, more breadth of mental development. Her father has been known abroad as a fine scholar and a distinguished amateur; and Mrs. Ward assures us that his daughter has inherited much of his intellectual power as well as much of his taste. To tell the truth, we have to take Mrs. Ward's word for it. This is the love-story of a girl, and we may be grateful to the story-teller for sparing us the discussions of art and archæology which so many current novelists, with her excuse, would not have hesitated to impose on us. Lady Connie, an orphan at twenty, comes to the Oxford household of an uncle to pass the concluding months of her minority. She is an heiress, and a beauty, and a charmer, and she quickly takes Oxford by storm, incidentally overshadowing a cousin of her own years who has inherited the shallowness of a vulgar mother. A younger cousin is of a different type, a true daughter of her scholarly father, and is the secondary heroine of the tale. At Oxford Lady Connie finds herself among acquaintances, notably a young Don, Sorell, who has been a family friend and fellow-traveller abroad, and Falloden, a godlike undergraduate who in their brief acquaintance at Cannes has quickly given her cause to fear his aggressive wooing. She does not approve of his wild ways and wilder repute, and has refused him; but, according to the best precedents, the kiss he has snatched has really awakened her emotionally, and bound her to him. He is of that uncompromisingly male type which Mrs. Ward has always admired—a species of Rochester, or, let us say, Manisty—a born tyrant and huntsman. It is very soon clear that Lady Connie is hopelessly his in spirit if not in body. There are two things the novelist may do: let the girl succumb outright, marry the brute, and pay the penalty of unhappiness, or let her resist and reform and eventually be happy with him. The latter alternative is made use of here; and very effectively, always supposing that the reader is able to get himself into the right mood towards Falloden to begin with: he is every inch a woman's hero.

Slaves of Freedom. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The author of "The Garden Without Walls" has enclosed it. This time the manchild becomes the figure of love peering through the bars of the gate. Except for a painting by the hero's father in the manner of Watts, the garden has become all symbol: it stands for the pleasure of a contemporary type of fastidious woman, which rests on her being in such manner wooed as never to be won. Courtship, for the slaves of freedom, though essential, is enough. Not only the bearing of children, but even mating, under whatever sanction, is too much. A new single standard which avails to keep the delectable women single works hardship for their men. One of these slaves of a slave of freedom in the story contrives his escape by mean-spiritedly marrying elsewhere. The other, the hero, on the author's word for it, is at the end simply cured of his infatuation. Here Mr. Dawson leaves us in doubt. The story's end yields no such conclusion. The closing scene, bustling with a chase worthy of a "cinema" film, is in retrospect preposterously insufficient, for the previous parting has too little finality to support it. After a bookful of delicate fencing with the whimsical lure of the insistently feminine woman, to rest on the commonplace that she has finally "killed something" in the hero smacks too much of the dénouement of mechanical conversion. Did Mr. Dawson in his interesting pair of lovers successfully devise perpetual motion; or was any consistent end that they could come to too disastrous and too little unusual to point the significance of the woman's character? The moral poverty of her self-control is, after all, his theme, and this he has made abundantly clear.

THE MISANTHROPY OF MARK TWAIN.

The Mysterious Stranger. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Good manuscripts are not often interred with the bones of great writers, nor published after their death; but Mark Twain, as his biographer explained to us, lived under a somewhat stringent domestic censorship, that of Mrs. Clemens, which renders his case exceptional. "The Mysterious Stranger," one suspects, was suppressed and pigeonholed not because it was below the author's literary standard, but because it was regarded by some censor or other as indiscreet. Literary discretion consists in continuing to write in one's popular vein—consists in expressing the common-sense of one's constituency. When Mark Twain wrote in his popular vein he expressed a fairly cheerful and quite unabashed familiarity with the "buzzing, blooming confusion"—the habitual temper of his countrymen. But "The Mysterious Stranger" he apparently wrote to please himself; he expressed in it his personal and intimate sense of an unsatisfactory world; he gave vent to feelings too irregular, too bitter, and too subtle to please all the lovers of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. He revealed, in short, the undercurrent of his humor. Upon one who is acquainted with his other works the effect of this revelation is to deepen the note of his gayety throughout, making it appear the reflex of unexpectedly sombre considerations. Like the revelations with regard to Charles Lamb's domestic affairs, like certain cynical and pessimistic passages in the letters of another characteristically American humorist, John Hay, it lets one in to a temperament and character of more gravity, complexity, and interest than the surfaces indicated.

The artfulness of the book, in which illustrator and publisher have had a part, sends one for comparison to the "Travels of Lemuel Gulliver." The point is, as this reviewer has proved by experiment, that a boy of nine can read this brightly pictured magical romance of the sixteenth century with delight and without undesirable stimulation. He will take pleasure with the three lads of Eseldorf (he probably will not Anglicize the name of this Austrian village) in the ingenious marvels wrought by the mysterious stranger. He will be gently touched in his compassionate instincts by the witch-hunting scenes and by the strange pathos of sudden death supernaturally foreseen. But he will not raise embarrassing religious or metaphysical questions, for the air of enchantment and romance intervenes between this fiction and the world of his serious concern. He will ingenuously accept Eseldorf as an unusually animated province of wonderland. He will be quite unconscious that he has read a book written at his elders, a book steeped in irony, a dangerous "atheistical" book, presenting a wholly unorthodox view of the devil and a biting arraignment of the folly and the brutality of mankind.

Satirical humor subsists in comparisons. For example: one may compare the vileness of man with the goodness of God—or the reverse; one may compare the vileness of man with the goodness of Nature—or the reverse; one may compare the vileness of man's instinctive self with the goodness of his intellectual self—or the reverse. When only man is represented as vile, in distinction from God and Nature, one employs a type of misanthropic humor. When only man is represented as good in distinction from God and Nature, one employs a type of philanthropic humor. When one-half of man's nature is set off against the other half—his instincts against his intelligence—the humor may fairly be called humanistic. The rather acrid humor present in this singular romance might be described as misanthropic idealism.

Mark Twain was one of many men of his generation who early received an untenable conception of God, tried the conception by human standards, and dismissed it as untenable. There are two priests and an astrologer in Eseldorf; but there is no God. His

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functions are pretty completely taken over by the mysterious stranger who candidly announces himself as Satan, nephew to the well-known gentleman of that name. He is a well-favored and winsome youth with a "winy" invigorating atmosphere. Essentially he is the incarnation of vital force, the creative power in the universe. Knowing all things, having power over all things, he despises man and is mildly amused by him, looks down upon him as an elephant looks down upon a red spider, sends him to death or torment without malice and without a pang. His conduct shines in comparison with that of man; for though he is without good-will, he is without ill-will also, and he has intelligence and power. In comparison with the conduct of man, moreover, the conduct of the dumb animals shines; for though they lack some useful faculties, they are blest in freedom from the "Moral Sense"—that terrible human faculty which organizes and legalizes and perpetuates cruelty and folly.

It is not "tonic" to look at men through the eyes of the mysterious stranger; to him "their foolish little life is but a laugh, a sigh, and extinction; and they have no sense. Only the Moral Sense." He alters a link in the life of one of the lads of Eseldorf, to whom he has taken a fancy, so that he shall drown; this alteration, he explains to the boy's playmates, is a real kindness, for "he had a billion possible careers, but not one of them was worth living." He shows to the boys a vision of human history: they see Cæsar invade Britain—"not that those barbarians had done him any harm, but because he wanted their land, and desired to confer the blessings of civilization upon their widows and orphans." "You see," says Satan, "that you have made continual progress. Cain did his murder with a club; the Hebrews did their murders with javelins and swords; the Greeks and Romans added protective armor and the fine arts of military organization and generalship; the Christian has added guns and gunpowder; a few centuries from now he will so greatly have improved the deadly effectiveness of his weapons of slaughter that all men will confess that without Christian civilization war must have remained a poor and trifling thing to the end of time."

Relief from this irony and cynicism is, of course, not afforded by the presence of Satan or Nature in the romance. The relieving contrast to the folly and cruelty depicted is in the felt presence of the chivalrous heart and mind of Mark Twain himself, in his definite conception of certain evils to be removed, in his hopefulness about the possibility of removing them. The wicked world visited by the mysterious stranger is, after all, sixteenth-century Austria—not these States. What he hated was the brutal power resident in monarchies, aristocracies, tribal religions, and—minorities bent on mischief, and making a bludgeon of the malleable many. His passion of hatred for oppression and unreason was never more cuttingly phrased than in this posthumous volume. The intensity of his vision of evil has subdued and darkened his laughter—has given it a note almost like despair; it is the laughter of an often-outraged believer in liberty, democracy, and loving-kindness.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

The Letters of Richard Watson Gilder. Edited by his daughter, Rosamond Gilder. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

Miss Gilder has made excellent use of rather scanty material. Her father's work and intimacies were so largely in New York that he had little occasion for continuous correspondence. Moreover, his constantly exacting work as editor of *Scribner's* and the *Century*, and his indefatigable voluntary activities in politics and philanthrophy made his letters largely business ones. But his wit and magnanimity crop out under the most untoward conditions. From the time when at eighteen he served his gun within hearing of the rumble of Gettysburg he was always a crusader. He tilted on occasion against international piracy of literature, against the spoils system, against rotten tenements maintained by a church corporation, against the Presidential aspirations of William R. Hearst. His pen, with its peculiar gift of terse epigram, was in constant demand. He did the inscriptions for the Buffalo World Exposition, and many an occasional poem. Thus his poetry even often had a civic tinge.

From earliest youth his literary gift was evident. The full measure of his poetic expression came to him with the fortunate love of Helena de Kay, artist herself and meet companion for a poet. He had served his day in journalism, chiefly in Newark, before he accepted the position of assistant to Dr. J. G. Holland on *Scribner's*. Here, both as writer and sub-editor, his responsibilities increased, until for a full score of years he directed the fortunes of the *Century*. He was the most conscientious of editors, as an interesting exchange of letters apropos of the re-writing of a serial proves, and also the most sympathetic. In its early career the *Century* throve mightily through his happy inspiration of the Civil War articles by the leading commanders. Then dawned the day of the cheap topical magazine, of "the steam-whistle attachment," of a grilling competition which eventually wore him out. But no drudgery was ever more gracefully accepted, and Pegasus grew almost to be fond of his tether.

The Gilders had the knack of making their habitations desirable, and whether in the New York home, on Buzzards Bay, where there were ambrosial nights with Joe Jefferson and Grover Cleveland, or in the Berkshire Hills, there was always the solace of the best companionship the times afforded. Gilder, for all his alert sensitiveness, carried ease with him. The sweetness of the man minimized him in certain eyes, quite unjustly. We are glad to quote a letter to a Western editor, who, protesting against the *Century's* opposition to the new war pensions, hinted that Gilder knew nothing of the needs of the soldiers. Gilder writes:

> I have lived in camp with my father, and have served in a campaign as a private when a boy, and besides have known what it is to have the head of the house, the bread-winner, taken away by a soldier's death. That death threw a large family on my shoulders, and the Government pittance to my mother, though welcome, was of comparatively little help. My life has been a struggle for existence, owing to this early loss—my burdens (not of my immediate household) have only lately at all lifted, and far from being the pampered person you suppose, I know all about it.

No complete portraiture of Gilder is in this volume, the conditions did not permit, but the book is valuable in giving us the solid moral background of the man that many of us knew simply on the side of the graces. He was a sacrificing sort of man, and cheerfully so. To a correspondent who regrets the little energy Gilder could give to poetry he replies:

> Those songs have come out of the life I was leading, the turmoil and stress and passion of moral and other conflict. It is not for me to give a moment's thought to fame, even to influence, but to do what seems my duty in an active world, only endeavoring that when the word comes it shall come as clearly and convincingly and with as much music as may be.

In his talk Gilder never rode a moral high horse, but when an idealism hove in sight it seemed to raise him above the level of the company as by an actual levitation. We like to think how he would have said what he once wrote to his fellow-poet, George E. Woodberry, after the sea fight off Santiago:

> My nephew is on the "Yankee" and must have seen fighting. I envy him with all my heart. "War is hell"; perhaps that is the reason it is "the greatest thing on earth." It isn't the killing, but the sacrifice of war that makes it enticing, after all.

CARTOONISTS OF THE WAR.

Raemaekers' Cartoons. With accompanying notes by well-known English writers. Quarto. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $5 net.

One Hundred Cartoons. By Cesare. Quarto. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $3 net.

These two albums on the war by the greatest cartoonists of Europe and America afford an interesting contrast. The American characteristically views the portent as a vast impersonal catastrophe. His attitude is that of the detached moralist. He sees not people, but sinister inhuman forces in conflict. So Cesare is most impressive when he is most abstract. His work shows journalistic inequalities, but at its best is profoundly impressive. Plates in which death dominates have the power of Daumier or

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Goya. Take the cartoon Printemps, a skeleton roving vaguely amid shattered plants and saplings, Death watering a sharp crop of new bayonets rising from the tortured soil, Death mounted on a giant howitzer—these designs are full of a grim and veracious poetry.

But this grimness is also subject to monotony, and becomes a defect in the merely personal caricature. What shall one say of a satire that gives a sinister aspect to the foolish benignity of Mr. Bryan's countenance except that such satire is too far from the simple facts of the case?

The strength of Raemaekers, on the contrary, is precisely his concreteness. He drives home the fact that this war is of the making of particular people, Germans, ignobly leering over their cruelty, puffed up with detestable vanities and complacencies. One realizes that these are not lethal apparitions to be exorcised by the moral sense, but impossible people to be eliminated by shrapnel and the bayonet. Of the two visions it is the one that is nearest to the human fact, and the most immediately valuable. It is this practicality of Raemaekers which has made his cartoons the equivalent of a field army, and has incidentally exposed him to the threat of assassination.

Where Cesare speaks the voice of a remote poetry and myth, Raemaekers speaks the word of present civilization. He shows it its enemy, contemptible yet terribly formidable. He points to a task, not to mere contemplation. These shrewd and comfortable conquerors have the power of their inhumanity. No doubts trouble them, no delicacy, no compassion. They have, in their own eyes, the right to complacency, for they command the means of swift conquest and cruel oppression. Raemaekers expresses the scorn of the civilized man for the super-Huns, and also the fears.

To put the difference between the two cartoonists in another word: if Cesare's designs got into the hands of the soldiers of the Belgian, English, and French trenches, the drawings might evoke the will to quit the war and go home; if Raemaekers's cartoons reached the same trenches, every soldier would shoot straighter and drive home the bayonet more fiercely.

Under all the fine scorn there is something of lightness and amenity. Civilization at grips with the barbarian is easily conscious of its own superiority, though it succumb in its extreme endeavor. It is this humanistic measure that makes the greatness of these cartoons, and their vehemence gives place occasionally for passages of serene beauty. Consider the head of the Belgian woman who lies grand and lovely in death. She is the symbol of the sanctities which Germany has overridden. Her martyrdom is the art not of insensate fate, but of some despicable person, whom the imagination visualizes beyond the margin of the great design. If anything could cure our torpid people of the fallacy of regarding the war as a remote and alien horror—a fallacy which Cesare's able cartoons will do much to fix—it would be the cartoons of Raemaekers. We wish them the widest circulation.

A mistaken enterprise of the publishers has accompanied these designs, which emphatically speak for themselves, with more or less jejune comment by prominent British men of letters. But nobody need read this superfluous text, and probably few will.

Notes

An American edition of Friedrich Naumann's "Central Europe" will be published shortly by Alfred A. Knopf.

The Century Company announces the forthcoming publication of "Why Men Fight," by Bertrand Russell, and "Inside the German Empire," by Bayard Swope.

"The Watchman and Other Poems," by L. M. Montgomery, and "Princess Marie José's Children's Book" will be published next month by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Small, Maynard & Company announce for publication in the near future "The Best Short Stories of 1916 and the Yearbook of the American Short Story," edited by Edward J. O'Brien.

A bibliography of the Pilgrims of Plymouth is being prepared by Byron Barnes Horton, of Sheffield, Pa., for publication prior to 1920, the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims.

The quiet and just humor of Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers extends itself agreeably in about half the essays of his new volume, "The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net). It will surprise no habitual reader that the gayly irresponsible absentee landlord is the man who reads history in a cheerful spirit. Similarly effective is the skit on "Protective Coloring in Education," wherein the author deals with the innocent deceits that make the professor assume an alien frivolity; science profess a sort of poetry, and literature usurp the aspect of science. "Concerning the Liberty of Teaching" is in the form of a correspondence between the slave Epictetus and his master deploring that a philosopher should want to be free. Among essays in literary criticism those on "The Charm of Seventeenth Century Prose" and on "The Gregariousness of Minor Poets" are the most pleasing. Excellent, too, is the fundamental conceit of "The Literary Clinic"—that there is an author for every human ill. Even a harassed stockbroker was assuaged by applications of Ossian. The book ends most seriously with a solid and eloquent essay on the paradox that man makes a state which, in turn, oppresses him. "Leviathan" and Hobbes are the point of departure, and there is a complementary essay on "The Strategy of Peace," the sensible gist of which is that the peace movement must get out of the circle of the peace societies and reach, with force behind it, those more or less unregenerate humans who actually make or prevent wars.

A charming addition to the growing list of Stevensonia is Stephen Chalmers's "The Penny Piper of Saranac" (Houghton Mifflin; 75 cents net), which many will remember to have read in the *Outlook* some four years ago. More than any other one thing it brought about the erection of the Gutzon Borglum memorial tablet at Saranac Lake, which was unveiled last year. The tablet, a cut of which forms the frontispiece, Lord Guthrie declares in the introduction, gets beneath the surface and behind the mask of Stevenson as St. Gaudens failed to do. He has similar praise for the slender volume itself, which is indeed a sympathetic recital of various anecdotes connected with the winter Stevenson spent at the Baker Cottage at Saranac. Dr. Trudeau before his death went over the wording very carefully to make the rehearsal as true as might be after the lapse of years. These incidents of a lonely winter in their freshness and genuineness help to bring the real Stevenson before us. Some pictures of the cottage from various points of view, as well as the appendix containing Lloyd Osborne's address at the unveiling, contribute to render the book a fit companion for "A Christmas Sermon," "Pulvis et Umbra," and other essays of those quiet, uneventful months.

Mrs. Charlotte Eaton's "A Last Memory of Robert Louis Stevenson" (Crowell; 50 cents net) would follow immediately in time. It details a visit which Stevenson paid her husband on the New Jersey shore after leaving the Adirondacks and before crossing the continent to set sail in the Casco. He and Wyatt Eaton had known each other well in Barbizon days, and he took the opportunity while visiting Will H. Low to cross the river to Manasquan for an afternoon with the Eatons. He was even then Mrs. Eaton's favorite author, and she continues an avowed worshipper of his character and his achievement. But this very devotion casts a glamour over the subject of her sketch which blurs the outlines and obscures that sense of intimacy which renders such recollections illuminating to the public.

English authors are variously affected by the engrossing drama on the Continent. Some novelists at least find it difficult to continue excursions into the realms of the fictitious. The pressure of mighty events causes them rather to scan anxiously the horizon of the future. Mary and Jane Findlater discovered near at hand the necessity for all middle-class families to dispense with servants. They accordingly decided to step into that undiscovered bourne and bring back tidings for the more timorous. The whole adventure is humorously recounted in "Content with Flies" (Dutton; $1). They entered upon their career as amateur housekeepers in a cottage in the Highlands of Scotland with all the palpitating misgivings that ever beset a new recruit entering his first action. Yet so gracefully and entertainingly do they record the campaign that you are glad they voluntarily prolonged it at another cottage. The idle rich, however, will hardly give away all that she hath to go and do likewise, and even the moderately well-to-do will content herself with following in imagination their trials and tribulations in the "simple life." Those who are obliged to snatch now and then a precious hour for reading will smile at the illusion of the authors that they lived "entirely without servants" because they engaged only a charwoman.

Richard W. Child's "Potential Russia" (Dut-

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ton; $1.50 net) contains an impressive picture of the travail through which the great Slav nation is going as a result of the Teutonic invasion. It is clear that the difference, to the mystical Russian mind, between the Japanese war fought at a great distance and the present disasters leading to the invasion of her sacred soil is a tremendous motive in rousing Russia from her characteristic lethargy. Mr. Child is a frank believer in the effect of the katharsis of war in stirring and fermenting such a people. He has carefully studied corners of the vast nation where springs of strength lie hidden—the wonderful vitality and physique of the peasant, the high order of intelligence among the middle-class women, and the strange mystical and fervid belief in the destiny of Holy Russia that has united all classes, and thus successfully has insulated the bad influence of the bureaucracy. For the first time in a crisis the latter has been made accountable to the nation instead of to the Czar by the unprecedented unity of public opinion. Mr. Child records a state of incompetency that is still a serious menace to the centralization necessary for industrial organization, the utter inadequacy of railways, but he denies the widespread existence of "graft," and maintains that the foreign business representatives at Petrograd and elsewhere, in search of contracts, have exploited the "graft" myth entirely to their own advantage, and at the expense of the firms they represent. As to the miracle accomplished by the summary abolition of vodka, Mr. Child is at one with a great cloud of witnesses in its praise: he attributes the orderly mobilization as compared with that of the Japanese War to this wise measure, as well as to the comparative and increasing industrial efficiency.

Mr. Child predicts great results from the change Russia is now facing in her internal economy—the change from agricultural to industrial activity, the development of her exhaustless natural resources. In this commercial and industrial awakening her allies are planning to share, and the author quotes various authorities in and without the Government who are impressed by the lack of imagination and initiative shown by Americans. The need of a change of American methods may be best illustrated by the following:

> The Germans . . . introduced the German language by being able to talk Russian. They sent out their mail in Russian. They had personal representatives in Russia—before the war, in one year, as many as 50,000 Germans came into Russia on business. Some German business houses had twenty, forty, fifty men travelling about Russia in preliminary campaigns. It was the Germans who knew that a soap-peddler who could talk Russian and had acquaintance with Russian character was a better salesman. . . . They did not make goods and take them over the Russian frontier and say, "Here is our product. Take it or leave it." That is much more the English and the American way. The German nation said to the Russian, "Tell us what you want. We can make anything."

Thus it will be seen that the usual American method of creating a demand for some commodity made in America will not win Russian trade after the war.

Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Wrack of the Storm" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net) hardly lives up to its title. It is made up of the essays published and the speeches delivered by the eminent Belgian playwright and philosopher since his unhappy land was trampled under foot by the invading hosts. As the productions are arranged chronologically we can study the successive phases of his feeling about these tremendous events. The result is that amid the wrack of the storm we discover no essential change in his underlying philosophy. His soul has, of course, been harrowed, and hatred has sprung up. He could not do otherwise, as he sadly and quietly declares in the preface: "I loved Germany and numbered friends there, who now, dead or living, are alike dead to me. I thought her great and upright and generous; and to me she was ever kindly and hospitable. But there are crimes that obliterate the past and close the future. In rejecting hatred I should have shown myself a traitor to love." This is not the unrestrained vituperation that has been heard in more than one quarter. It is rather a sorrowfully accepted ineluctable duty. It does not befog his lucid Latin vision, though it wells up from the depths of his being. With what menacing calm he wrote at the beginning of the war: "No influence can prevail on the unconscious or the subconscious. It never evolves. Let there come a thousand years of civilization, a thousand years of peace, with all possible refinements of art and education, the subconscious element of the German spirit, which is its unvarying element, will remain absolutely the same as it is today and would declare itself, when the opportunity came, under the same aspect, with the same infamy. . . . Let us know how to be pitiless that we may have no more need for pity." In his latest utterance there is a clearer struggle between his innate philosophy and the newborn conviction: "What are we to do now? Must we hate the enemy to the end of time? The burden of hatred is the heaviest that man can bear upon this earth, and we should faint under the weight of it. . . . I do not know what the future will decide, that future which is wiser than the past, even as, in the words of an old Slav proverb, the dawn is wiser than the eve. In the meanwhile let us copy the prudence of our soldiers, who know what to believe far better than we do." "They do not hate the man, but they do not trust him at all. They discover the human being in him only when he is unarmed. They know from bitter experience that, so long as he possesses weapons, he cannot resist the frenzy of destruction, treachery, and slaughter, and that he does not become kindly until he is rendered powerless."

The warping effect of hatred is discernible likewise in the inclusion of his earliest published piece of writing, "The Massacre of the Innocents," produced as early as 1886, and now appearing in the third, but first authorized, English translation, because it seems "a sort of vague symbolic prophecy." It bears the marks of its origin, an attempt to reproduce the episodes of a sixteenth-century picture in the Brussels Museum. There is an appalling detachment in the unperturbed piling of horror on horror rivalling the Bryce report, yet the author declares that "similar scenes must have been repeated in more than one of our unhappy Flemish or Brabant villages, and to describe them as they were lately enacted we should have only to change the name of the butchers and probably, alas, to accentuate their cruelty, their injustice, and their hideousness!"

Nevertheless, the dominant note of the volume is after all in keeping with Maeterlinck's mystic beliefs. He draws comfort not only from the splendid heroism of individuals and the inspiring spectacle of national sacrifice to an ideal, but he discovers companionship in the dead. He recommends reliance on spiritualistic mediums for communication with those far away in the hands of the enemy or removed to that bourne whence no traveller returns. One of the most characteristic of the essays, "The Life of the Dead," closes with counsel to the bereaved: "Try then to recall those whom you have lost . . . and you will see . . . that they are as real as when they were in the flesh. . . . They care for nothing now but to smile upon us, to encompass us with love, to bring us a happiness drawn without stint from a past which they live again beside us." For his whole stricken nation he has a similar beautiful (and shall we say ineffectual?) message of hope in another appealing essay, "The Might of the Dead": "We must tell ourselves that now in each of our homes, both in the cities and in the countryside, both in the palace and in the meanest hovel, there lives and reigns a young dead man in the glory of his strength. He fills the poorest, darkest dwelling with a splendor of which it had never ventured to dream. His constant presence, imperious and inevitable, diffuses through it and maintains a religion and ideas which it had never known before, hallows everything around it, forces the eyes to look higher and the spirit to refrain from descending, purifies the air that is breathed and the speech that is held and the thoughts that are mustered there, and, little by little, ennobles and uplifts a whole people on a scale of unexampled vastness." The translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos is performed, as the quotations show, with his well-known competence, and the proofreading seems not to have suffered from the temptation to produce a timely book.

For the University of Illinois Vergil V. Phelps has edited a bulky "Directory," published by the institution ($5), and containing the names of about 32,000 who have at some time been students or teachers there. The alumni will find in it a valuable reference work, for it lists each of the 32,000 alphabetically, with date of connection with the University, present address and occupation, and also geographically, by States and cities. It contains sixteen pages of illustrations, about one hundred pages of historical matter, and a number of tables of condensed data. In these last will be found the best exhibition of the University's extraordinarily rapid growth, which in twenty years has made a little-known institution one of the largest and richest in the country. It is shown that since the coming of President Edmund J. James, in 1904, the number of buildings has risen from 25 to 60; that the number of students has almost doubled, rising to 6,750 last year; and that the number of faculty members has more than doubled, now reaching 840. The University's income has in the last decade become one of the very largest in the country, being estimated at $6,200,000 for the current biennium. Whereas in 1904 less than 300 students were graduated, last June nearly 1,200 received degrees. The alumni listed are resident chiefly in the Middle West, more than 3,500 living in Chicago alone, and more than 20,000 in Illinois.

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Drama

THE REAPPEARANCE OF MARY ANDERSON—SOME RECENT PRODUCTIONS—A FRENCH COMPANY FOR AMERICA.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, November 30.

Was there ever in theatrical history, I wonder, such an event as the reappearance of Miss Mary Anderson at His Majesty's Theatre, on the 20th of last month? Most of us have seen reappearances of favorite actors and actresses which we would much rather not have seen; but here was an actress returning to the stage after more than a quarter of a century, and returning as lissom, as graceful, as charming, and (one would have sworn) as young as ever she was. It was something very like a miracle, and certainly a most agreeable one. I remember, long, long ago, seeing a reappearance of Helen Faucit, the original Lady of Lyons, at the opening of the theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. She played Beatrice to the Benedick of (I think) Barry Sullivan, and it was interesting to study the mannered graces of her bearing and the extreme deliberation and emphasis with which she made her points. But the occasion was really a mournful one. One felt almost ashamed to watch an obviously old woman gambolling through the part of "dear Lady Disdain." Yet she had not been absent from the stage nearly so long as Mary Anderson, who retired in 1889. Her career belongs to a bygone age of theatrical history. Practically the whole revival of the Anglo-American drama has taken place since she left the stage. In 1889 its first faint stirrings were barely discernible to the eye of faith. It was in that year that the name of Ibsen first became known to the English-speaking world; in that year Pinero's "Profligate," a sentimental drama with one strong scene, was hailed as something like a masterpiece. In 1889 Henry Irving was at the height of his glory; then came decline, ruin, the heroic final struggle—and now he has lain for eleven years in Westminster Abbey. It is amazing to think of all the water that has flowed under the bridges since Mary Anderson became Madame de Navarro; yet here she steps upon the stage as fresh as though she had only taken a month's holiday. What is her elixir of youth? Probably—if one may hazard a conjecture—it lies in a rare equilibrium of soul, corresponding to her perfect poise of body.

This is as much as to say, perhaps, that as an actress she was never in the very first rank. She was not a Duse, a Sarah Bernhardt, or an Ada Rehan. The temperament which makes for great acting does not make for perpetual youth. But she possessed, and possesses, the genius of physical grace, along with a very engaging personality and a quite sufficient measure of dramatic power. One did not ask whether she was a very great actress or not—one simply felt grateful to her for being, in a quite unaffected, amiable way, a radiantly perfect human creature. Absolutely the most beautiful thing I ever saw on the stage was her dance in the part of Perdita. Moving quite unobtrusively through the shepherds' revel, she was like a figure from a Grecian urn, or like

> a melody
> That's sweetly played in tune.

If only Shakespeare could have seen it—or Keats!

Of course, she had a great reception at His Majesty's. The theatre was crammed, at fabulous prices, and the Princess Club Hospital benefited to the amount of about £1,600. But if years had passed the actress by, the same could not be said of the play. One never thought much of "Pygmalion and Galatea"; its intellectual quality was always of the poorest; but one was scarcely prepared for the extreme shallowness of its sentiment, and the triviality, not to say vulgarity, of its humor. We owe an immeasurable debt to the Gilbert of "Iolanthe" and "The Gondoliers"; but never, perhaps, was there so great a metrist who was so little of a poet.

The real marvel of the occasion, however, was not so much the Galatea as the Clarice of "Comedy and Tragedy." Galatea, after all, is literally a statuesque part, requiring dignity rather than vivacity, classic repose rather than romantic fire. But Clarice is a modern woman in a situation of intense nervous overstrain. It demands the greatest rapidity and energy of action; and Miss Anderson could not have thrown into it more of these qualities if she had been a girl of twenty. Altogether, while she charmed the younger generation, she brought to her admirers of the older generation a breath from the old, placid Victorian world which had something of pathos in its very freshness.

The season has so far been one of unprecedented barrenness in the matter of new plays. Two out of the three productions of recent weeks have been farces of the most exasperating type, inasmuch as their matter inclines you to sleep, while their clatter keeps you awake. "Lucky Jim" at the St. James's (not under Sir George Alexander's management) is understood to be the work of Miss Vera Beringer, who, as a child-actress, was the popular Little Lord Fauntleroy of her day. It is a quite harmless production, a romp rather than a play, and may prove attractive to the very unsophisticated. For my part, I am sufficiently sophisticated to prefer this sort of thing on the cinema—it is sooner over. "Buxell," by Mr. Rudolf Besier, at the Strand Theatre, is perhaps a shade more ambitious. It shows how an Alsatian convict of French sympathies (in the days before the war) escapes from his imbecile Prussian jailers, first in the disguise of a cook and then in the fur coat and automobile of a prince. Mr. Besier is a writer who has done some good work, but in this case he has given his invention a holiday. Mr. Matheson Lang, however, made the gay and irrepressible hero popular with the audience.

There are the makings of a good comedy in "Home on Leave," by Mr. Edward Knoblock, at the Royalty; but the author has unfortunately gone about his work in a too haphazard and slapdash style. He has hit upon a good and even a poignant situation, but he does not develop it to any good purpose. Lieut. Owen Fletcher, coming home on three days' leave, invites his mother and sister to pass the precious time with him at the Ritz. They consider this a delightful inspiration of his, but are less pleased to find that a third lady is to be of the party—Mrs. Constance Luscombe, to wit. Constance and Owen used to be much in love with each other, but Owen carelessly omitted to propose, and went off to Canada, whereupon Constance, in pique, married a disagreeable egoist named Francis Luscombe. Her marriage is thoroughly unhappy, and she comes up to London, in response to Owen's invitation, without letting her husband know where she is going. Very rashly, however, she has let her maid into the secret: Luscombe gets it out of the maid and sends a reply-paid telegram demanding her instant return. This telegram comes by mistake into Owen's hands—and what do you think he does? He has told Constance that, on the day of her marriage, Luscombe sent to him, Owen, a telegram in these words, "Off on our honeymoon. Put that in your pipe"—and he now, without letting Constance know, takes what he thinks his revenge by writing the same words on the reply-paid form, and dispatching the message to Luscombe! Could anything more inexcusable, more idiotic, be conceived? It is true that Owen is represented as an extremely thoughtless young fellow; but this is not so much thoughtless as blackguardly. If he wanted to carry Constance off and face the music, good and well; but in that case he ought not to have brought his mother and sister into the business. He has, as a matter of fact, no definite design at all; he simply obeys a momentary whim; and in young gentlemen who obey such whims it is hard to take any serious interest.

Of course, Luscombe rushes up to town, finds his wife with Owen at the Ritz, and, not without reason, vows he will have a divorce. And here comes the really ingenious complication. Constance, it appears, has been faithful neither to her intolerable husband nor to the memory of Owen. She has taken a lover, one Herbert Probyn; and Probyn, much to her annoyance, insists on making her visit to London, as Owen's guest, an opportunity for carrying on the intrigue. Probyn, in fact, is an unmitigated cad, and Constance (as she begins to realize) has fatally degraded herself in having anything to do with him. Here, then, is a pretty kettle of fish. Owen, innocent though idiotic, will have to appear in the divorce court as co-respondent in the case of Luscombe v. Luscombe; and though he faces this contingency with cheerfulness, it becomes a very different matter when he learns that Constance is in fact the mistress of another man. Mr. Knoblock gets

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one or two tolerably interesting scenes out of the complication, in which Miss Marie Löhr plays the part of the cruelly humiliated Constance with a good deal of power. But the real depths of the situation are never plumbed; Mr. Knoblock skims lightly over it, and offers us no solution of its difficulties—Owen is suddenly recalled to the front, and things are left practically at a loose end. It would not greatly surprise me, however, if the piece were to be a success. It contains a good deal of pleasant writing, and the topical element in it—the relation of the young officer home from the front to his mother and sister—is sympathetically handled and attractive. There is even, if you come to think of it, a moral in the transaction. Before she accepted Owen's invitation, Constance ought to have said to herself, "Be sure you are off with the new love before you are on with the old."

I have just heard of an interesting scheme for a short tour in America by the company of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, a little theatre which had made a deep mark in the artistic life of Paris before the war intervened to cut short its activities. I had the pleasure of assisting at its opening performance on October 22, 1913, when a translation of Heywood's "Woman Killed with Kindness" was presented, along with Molière's "L'Amour Médecin." This single performance was enough to give me some insight into the ideals and methods of the enterprise; and from what I have heard of its later history, it would seem that the little company under the direction of M. Jacques Copeau has been faithful to its ideals and has nevertheless achieved a considerable measure of popular success. The Théâtre du Vieux Colombier is not a "side-show" giving occasional and isolated performances, but a regular theatre distinguished from the ordinary boulevard theatres only in the distinction of its aims and the simplicity of its means. At the same time it is not a sectarian theatre. It is not, like the Théâtre Libre, dedicated to realism, nor is it, like L'Œuvre, especially addicted to symbolism. M. Copeau is a man of wide culture—he is familiar, by the way, with the English language and literature—and the repertory of his theatre is drawn from many sources. His policy is to rely on brains rather than on money for the production of his effects, to exclude the "star," and, without any "high-browed" pretensions, to eschew all that is merely trivial and vulgar. I have seldom seen plays mounted with greater taste than the "Woman Killed with Kindness" and "L'Amour Médecin"; and one felt that the charming effects were the result of individual thought and invention, not merely of an unlimited order to the professional purveyors of scenery and costumes.

The enterprise has been compared, not inaptly, with Granville Barker's management in London; but Mr. Barker was more exclusively concerned with modern work, while his policy was largely shaped by the fact that he had in Mr. Shaw what may be called a "star" author. It is proposed that the American repertory of the Vieux Colombier company should be mainly classical, and should include Corneille's "Menteur," Racine's "Esther," Molière's "L'Avare," "Les Fourberies de Scapin," and "Le Médecin malgré lui," together with the early farce, "La Jalousie du Barbouillé," Beaumarchais's "Mariage de Figaro," Alfred de Musset's "Barberine," and Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Almost the only recent plays included are Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande" and Paul Claudel's "L'Annonce faite à Marie." Several interesting pieces of the Parisian repertory, such as M. Copeau's own adaptation of "Les Frères Karamazov" of Dostoievsky, are no doubt excluded on account of the difficulty of procuring a sufficient number of male artists.

Finance

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE PEACE PROPOSALS.

The overwhelming collapse last week in prices on the Stock Exchange was commonly ascribed by bewildered Wall Street to the "peace proposals." The decline in fact began on the day when Germany's note was published. If, then, the week's excessively violent decline, with a volume of business matched only once or twice in Wall Street's previous history, were considered merely as an incident of the week and without reference to what had gone before, it would appear indeed portentous. But the daily trading of two and a half million shares which the market witnessed on the break was as logical a result of conditions precedent as was the famous 3,000,000-share day of May 9, 1901. Then, as on the present occasion, the reckoning for a series of weeks of almost equally enormous trading, with an all but unprecedented rise in prices, occurred in two or three successive days. Then, as now, the underpinnings of the huge speculation were broken down by a wholly unexpected occurrence. Then, as now, Wall Street excitedly discussed the chaotic crash in prices as foreshadowing the end of American prosperity.

As every one familiar with our financial history is aware, the collapse of the stock market in 1901 meant nothing of the kind. The country's material prosperity continued; indeed, it grew more large and brilliant in the two years after the Stock Exchange's violent readjustment. A few months, and even Wall Street recognized that what had happened was the shaking off of an incubus which had itself become a menace to prosperity. Precisely the same thing occurred last week. In both years the whole country seemed to have plunged into unbridled speculation. All sense of prudence and proportion had disappeared. The word had passed around that nothing could stop the rise; paper profits were made the basis for new speculation, and the profits of that were used for still more extended ventures. Two of the strongest money-market positions in our history were turned into a situation which threatened restriction even on commercial credits.

In some important respects, the situation thus created in the present instance was much the more dangerous of the two. This autumn's speculation on the Stock Exchange was accompanied by equally wild speculation in all the great commodity markets. Not only did this process, conducted on so huge a scale, tie up progressively the country's credit fund, but it did so in the face of the unquestionable fact that the basis for at least the inflated prices of materials was the war, and that they would inevitably be brought down again when the war should end. It was high time that a halt should have been called, unless the business situation itself were to be jeopardized. It has been called, not only in stocks, but in half-a-dozen other markets.

It is necessary, however, in discussing the violent fall in prices of last week to consider also Wall Street's declaration of the moment, that our great war-time prosperity would vanish if peace were to return; that it would be followed by a fall in prices of materials, loss of foreign trade, intensive foreign competition, and hard times in American industry and finance. How much of reason is there in such expectation?

The question is many-sided. That a very considerable readjustment must occur, along with return to peace, in prices of commodities abnormally inflated by the war, there can be no doubt whatever. Copper at 35 cents a pound, as against 23 last January and less than 13 cents in January, 1915; lead at 8 cents, as against 5½ and 3⅝ at the two earlier dates; steel at $55 per ton, as against $32 and $19 on the other occasions named—not to mention numerous other metal markets directly influenced by the wholly abnormal war demands—will be subject eventually, either on the eve of the termination of hostilities or afterward, to large reductions in their prices. The present abnormal profits of companies producing such commodities must equally come down.

England's experience, after the Napoleonic wars, is quite in point. In the year or two before the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, copper on the London market sold at £140 per ton; in 1816 it declined to £85. Lead went down from £33 to £18; tin from £174 to £102. Even among articles not directly used in war, cotton fell from 2¼ shillings a pound in 1814 to 1¼ in 1816, sugar from 97¼ shillings per hundredweight to 45, coffee from 142 to 77. All this was ascribed by the economic historians of the period, not only to "transition from war to peace," but to "recoil from the extravagant speculations," to reopening of the ocean highway, and to replacement of war demands and obstruction of supplies by "extended sources of supply and reduced cost of production."

In this historical comparison, however, two facts are to be observed. The violence of the readjustment in 1815, and the hard

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times which ensued, occurred in countries which had been at war, and which were suffering the inevitable reaction from their immense expenditure of life, labor, and capital in war. There was no great neutral state, like the United States of 1916, which had been conserving and accumulating industrial power and financial capital, such as could be utilized on return of peace. As to what this fact may mean, practical trade authorities have begun to change their judgment. After the first shock of readjustment which would follow peace, the *Iron Age*, the highly conservative organ of the American steel and iron industry, lately predicted that "the actual demand for material might assert itself in full volume." Europe's higher wages after war will at least stand in the way of disastrous foreign competition, "orders for shipbuilding material would hardly be cancelled," and the world-wide demand for implements of agriculture "would be stimulated rather than otherwise."

The question is in fact of capital importance, whether the abnormal foreign demands of the past twelve months, and the abnormally high prices, have not greatly restrained the legitimate home demands in a dozen industries; and if so, whether these deferred home requirements will not inevitably assert themselves, after the first readjustment. As to what we shall probably have to do, even in the export market after war, that may be at least partly judged from the recent visits of industrial commissions from Continental Europe to this country, with a view to making preparation for the "peace requirements" of the devastated area of war, and from the quite unanimous agreement of German business experts, in their interviews given out at home, that a year and a half will be required for German manufacturers to make good their exhausted stocks of raw material.

All this could scarcely have been reflected in the stock market's action of a week ago. Nor, on the other hand, could that market have given any indication as to what it will mean financially, at termination of the war, that the United States has in two years paid off $2,000,000,000 of its corporations' foreign debt, or perhaps one-half of what existed in 1914, has invested at least as much in the securities of foreign governments and enterprises, has accumulated new resources which should eventually provide a basis for continued and highly profitable financing of outside markets, and will emerge from the war as the powerful and, at least for the time, unchallenged financial centre of the world.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Gloria, F. M. A War Bride's Adventure. South Bend, Indiana: The Seemore Co. 75 cents net.
Holborn, I. B. S. The Child of the Moat. G. Arnold Shaw. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Alas! I am a Prussian. Anonymous. New York: J. A. J. Tibbals. 60 cents net.
Alexinsky, T. With the Russian Wounded. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.
Askew, A. and C. The Stricken Land, Serbia as We Saw It. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Baker, H. D. British India. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Durham, W. E. Summer Holidays in the Alps. 1898-1914. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.
Guérard, A. L. Five Masters of French Romance. Scribner. $1.50 net.
King, G. C. George Edmund Street. Unpublished Notes and Reprinted Papers, with an Essay. Putnam. $2.25.
Madhaviah, A. Thillai Govindan. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.
Powys, J. C. Suspended Judgments. Essays on Books and Sensations. H. Arnold Shaw. $2 net.
Saunders, C. F. Finding the Worth While in California. McBride. $1 net.
Sedgwick, H. D. An Apology for Old Maids, and Other Essays. Macmillan.

POETRY.

Bashford, H. H. Songs Out of School. Houghton Mifflin.
Belloc, H. Verses. Gomme.
California and the Opening of the Gateway Between the Atlantic and the Pacific. San Francisco: Paul Elder. 75 cents net.
English Poetry and Prose of the Romantic Movement. Edited and Selected by G. B. Woods. Scott, Foresman.
Foley, J. W. The Voices of Song. A Book of Poems. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Hall, E. V. The Last Line and Other Poems. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.
H. D. Sea-Garden: Imagist Poems. Houghton Mifflin.
Hearn, L. Appreciations of Poetry. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Oxford Poetry, 1916. Oxford: Blackwell. 1s. net.
Perry, M. Something Singing. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Peterson, A. Andvari's Ring. Putnam.
Poems of the Great War. Selected by J. W. Cunliffe. Macmillan. $1.50.
Scollard, C. Ballads—Patriotic and Romantic. Gomme.
Skeyhill, T. Soldier Songs from Anzac. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.
Tyson, M. S. From the Limbo of Forgotten Things. [illegible]on: Sherman, French. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Cabot, R. C. Layman's Handbook of Medicine. Hou[illegible]ton Mifflin. $2 net.
Loeb, J. The [illegible]rganism as a Whole. Putnam. $2.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Eaton, W. P. [illegible]ays and Players: Leaves from a Critic's [illegible]apbook. Stewart & Kidd Co. $2 net.
Quintero, [illegible] J. A. Malvaloca. Vol. XIX, Drama[illegible]ue series. Doubleday, Page. 75 cen[illegible]
Washingt[illegible]uare Plays. Vol. XX, Drama League [illegible]. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents.

ART.

Porter, A. [illegible] Lombard Architecture. Vol. IV. Ya[illegible]iversity Press. $15.
Price, C. M. The Practical Book of Architecture. Lippi[illegible]cott. $6 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Whittem, A. [illegible], and Andrade, M. J. Spanish Commercial Correspondence. Heath. $1.25 net.

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The Nation Supplement

Section II NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1916 Section II

ESSAYS AND LETTERS

Contributions by Nation Readers in Literature, Criticism, and Education

In the following pages is a selection of articles and communications from various contributors on the cognate subjects of literature, criticism, and education. The appearance of these in the regular columns of the *Nation* having been unduly delayed by considerations of space, it is now found desirable to publish them in the present form.

Culture in the Melting-Pot

E. SAPIR.

A paper by Professor Dewey on "American Education and Culture," published in the *New Republic* for July 1, points to a fundamental conflict between the traditional ideal of culture and the actual conditions of life in America. A multitude of problems are suggested by it, but I confine myself to a brief reference to a few considerations that have occurred to me in the reading. I beg to be understood as being in the main entirely in sympathy with Professor Dewey's standpoint, *i. e.*, the necessity of humanizing our utilitarian civilization on the basis of a frank acceptance for educational purposes of current modes of thought and action instead of attempting to inject into educational methods the vaccine of discarded classicism. My own remarks are meant rather as supplementary than corrective.

In the first place, it seems to me that Professor Dewey lays too much stress, though more by implication than by direct statement, on the need of a specifically American revision of our ideal of culture. The disparity between tradition and reality is doubtless more glaring on this continent than in Europe, but it is not different in kind in the old country. Everywhere education and, in consequence, the ideal of culture are largely concerned with the acquirement of matter and manner which reflect the conditions of past stages, the necessary adjustment of the educational heritage to present conditions, the resultants of industrialism, being largely left to the individual in the course of his contact with the world. Indeed, it would seem that the lack of accord between culture and the demands of modern life is, if anything, more acute in the case of the English university ideal than in its American correspondent. So far, then, as a thorough revision of our ideals of culture is demanded, the "American" may as well be struck out of Professor Dewey's title.

Professor Dewey may retort that it is not a question of a revision of American ideals, but of their very formation. We cannot revise what we do not possess. "The beginning of a culture stripped of egotistic illusions is the perception that we have as yet no culture: that our culture is something to achieve, to create." What passes under the name of "culture" in America, Professor Dewey might add, is merely Europe's cast-off clothes. Unless I quite misunderstand him, he feels it necessary that America should evolve a distinctive culture of its own, something that could be truly called "American." The readiness with which Americans deplore the lack of specifically American traits in their culture (assuming, for the sake of argument, that we have one) is more than irritating, it is pathetic. It rests partly on an affectation of national modesty (as provincial a pose as the earlier swagger which it has largely replaced among the more educated), partly and more profoundly on a geographical fallacy. America is politically and geographically distinct from the Old World, hence it must needs have a culture of its own. Never mind the fact that our population is almost entirely recruited from the countries of Europe, that it is bound to them by a thousand ties, that there is hardly a single word uttered or idea thought which is not, in the very nature of circumstances, of European origin—we must fly in the face of fact and build us a brand-new culture. If we are not autochthonous, we must become so. And yet it needs only the most casual survey of culture to teach us that culture is not congruous with political lines, nor immediately determined by environmental conditions, but is strictly dependent on its historical antecedents and on the foreign influences with which it comes into constant contact. Europe's cast-off clothes are our own, though we may be ashamed of them. Life and thought in Canada are as like life and thought in the United States as one egg to another. German-speaking Austria and Germany have for several centuries formed pretty much of a cultural unit, and this in spite of the greatest possible political heterogeneity.

And this leads me to one of the salient points in the "historical antecedents" of a culture. It is the matter of language. We hear much of the psychological foundations of culture (national temperament), of the moulding influence of economic conditions and of social organization, of the compelling force of the physical environment, but how many historians have perceived the overwhelming significance of a community of language? It is too trite, too obvious a point to dwell upon, hence its importance is invariably missed. All the great spheres of culture have been and are dominated through the medium of a common language. Give me a group of men who talk my language, whose conversation and speeches I can readily follow, whose books I can read, and whose thoughts I can identify with my own, and I am or soon become a participant in their culture. As long as America is English-speaking, its culture must be fundamentally the same as that of England and Canada and Australia, necessary local modifications notwithstanding. This does not mean that America is condemned to slavish adherence to provincial Anglicisms of thought and habit, but that the culture it shares in is that of the English-speaking world as a whole. It is only when we Americans fully realize this and all that it entails that we shall be able to bring our due influence to bear in the world of science and art. National slogans are of no avail in the development of culture; where they are not justified by the historical nexus of things, they soon become extinct. Is not Walt Whitman's "Americanism" in poetry a merely individual outburst, and is it not highly significant that its formative influence in American culture is practically nil? To summarize, I should say that if we wish to have in America the sort of culture that Professor Dewey dimly foreshadows, it becomes our task not to create an exclusively American product, but to join in

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the work of a general revision of the cultural standards of the Occidental world, and more particularly of the English-speaking part of it.

A word in conclusion as to the relations between culture and social and economic conditions. Professor Dewey writes: "I am one of those who think that the only test and justification of any form of political and economic society is its contribution to art and science—to what may roundly be called culture." And later on: "In short, our culture must be consonant with realistic science and with machine industry, instead of a refuge from them." Personally, I find Professor Dewey's range of significance of the term "culture" too circumscribed, but I would not insist on this, as he has a perfect right to give to so flexible a term what definition he pleases. My main difficulty is with the conception of art and science as a contribution of a special "form of political and economic society," as though the essential nature of the higher aspects of the culture of a definite time and place were directly traceable to current features of the political and economic organism. This is precisely the method of approach which is most popular, the method of nearly all sociological interpreters of cultural history, the method *mutatis mutandis* also of psychological interpreters. A society is seen to be characterized by certain æsthetic and intellectual tendencies; what more "obvious" than that their genesis must be sought in the fundamental conditions of life of that society? Hence arise countless interpretations —*sociological, economic, psychological*—of any aspect of the life of society you will. They all have this in common, that they conceive of the vast complex of human activities characteristic of a given time and place as constituting a self-contained organism, the significance of any aspect of which becomes clear from a penetrating study of all or certain of the others. Historical-minded people always have a stubborn difficulty with this conception, one that meets them at every step. It may be that society is gradually evolving towards some such exquisite harmony of life and structure. For the present, the student of cultural history (and under this term I include the data of ethnology) humbly notes that no society is or ever was thus self-contained and self-explanatory. Each of the aspects of social life, say philosophy or music or religion, is more definitely determined in form and content by the past history of that aspect, by its sequential relation to other manifestations of itself in time and place, than by its co-existence with the other aspects of that life. A constant but always very imperfectly consummated tendency is present towards the moulding of these more or less distinct strands into a fabric; countless modifications and adaptations result, but the strands nevertheless remain distinct. In brief, we must allow for distinct levels in cultural history, as we allow for them in psychology. We must beware of being tricked by our inveterately monistic habit of mind. To apply these principles to our quest of an American culture, let us not delude ourselves into the belief that a new art and science will somehow develop from a specifically American set of social and economic conditions. The art and science, the culture, of America will, let us hope, be responsive to these conditions; it will not, for all that, be created by them.

Chaucer and the Classics

JOHN L. LOWES.

On account of the war, which prevents access to manuscripts and delays (where it does not render impossible) the transmission of photographs and transcripts, certain new and interesting facts about Chaucer will have to await the return of happier conditions for a final appraisal of their significance. The evidence for what follows will be presented through the proper channels as soon as possible. Meanwhile, a few preliminary statements may not be out of place.

That Chaucer's knowledge of the Latin classics was wholly at first hand has heretofore been assumed without question. And even in the light of the facts which will be presented later, there can be no possible doubt that he read Latin with more or less freedom and used Virgil and Ovid and a number of his other favorite authors in the original. But it is equally clear (and this has been scarcely even suspected) that he received substantial aid and comfort from a variety of French translations and reworkings of his classical materials. For, to a degree that has never been fully recognized, the Latin classics were available in the fourteenth century in French, and these French versions of the classics, as the catalogues of manuscripts disclose, were very widely read. Chaucer's indebtedness to France, accordingly, and his own highly characteristic reactions upon what he read, take on fresh significance.

Briefly stated, the facts that so far seem to appear are these. In the Legend of Dido Chaucer supplemented the "Æneid" by a free and extremely interesting use of the twelfth-century "Roman d'Eneas," traces of which are also found in the "House of Fame" and in one of the most striking scenes of the "Troilus." In the Legend of Dido the whole tone of Chaucer's narrative, to say nothing of a considerable number of details, is due in large measure to the French romance. In the second place, in the Legend of Philomela, he used, together with the narrative of Ovid, the remarkable poem known as the "Philomena" (commonly attributed to Chrétien de Troyes), which is included in the "Ovide moralisé." This last, a portentous performance of some 72,000 lines, was widely known in the Middle Ages and is extant (except for a few printed selections) only in manuscript. The presence of the "Philomena" in Chaucer's "Philomela" seems clearly demonstrable, and there are indications of its use in the Legend of Ariadne, in the "House of Fame," and elsewhere. But until it is possible to get at the manuscript, the full extent to which Chaucer employed the French version of the "Metamorphoses" along with the Latin (which he undoubtedly also knew) must await determination. In the third place, the scope of Chaucer's first-hand knowledge of Lucan is called in question by the fact that several of Chaucer's statements are closer to an Old French prose version of Lucan than to the original. A French poetical version, however, exists (extant only in manuscript), and until it again becomes accessible it is impossible to say which Chaucer used. Moreover, the vast compilation (never printed) known as "Les faits des Romains" pretty certainly comes into the game as well. At all events, in several manuscripts of an Italian version of the French work is found the probable source of the baffling account which Chaucer gives of the death of Cleopatra.

At present all that can be said with assurance is that Chaucer, whatever his acquaintance at first hand with the Latin writers, knew his Roman history also through the French. An unprinted "Roman de Titus-Livius" has also to be reckoned with, together with mediæval French versions of a number of other Latin authors, to which it is entirely possible that Chaucer had access. The influence of Benoit de Sainte-Maure on his rendering of the Trojan story has long been recognized, but there is more to add to that. And the same must be said of the part played, when he deals with the Theban material, in the "Roman de Thèbes."

If all this were merely an exercise in "source-hunting," it would have no claim to a place here. Its significance, however, extends far beyond any bare addition to our knowledge of a certain group of facts. For one thing, Chaucer, with all his learning, was strictly speaking not a scholar, in the sense in which John Milton and Thomas Gray were scholars. He was (besides being a supremely gifted poet) a busy man of affairs, with an insatiable love of books, and he read whatever he could lay his hands on. That his introduction to the classics may have been through the French versions which his fellow-courtiers doubtless read, is not only possible but inherently probable. That he should not discard the vernacular renderings after he had learned to read with pleasure the original is not more remarkable than the fact that even scholars to-day are sometimes known to avail themselves of the Loeb Library. Far from being revolutionary, the conclusion to which the facts that have been given seem to point is the perfectly natural one, so soon as one puts other well-known facts upon their inferences. No one who ever wrote loved better to have two strings to his bow—or even three or four—than Geoffrey Chaucer, and to find a story told not only in Latin but (with fascinating variations) in French, and now and then in Italian into the bargain, and to have the chance to compound of both (or all!) a quite new story in his own English—that was to Chaucer "verraily felicitee parfyt." And he seems to have done with the "Æneid" and the "Eneas," and with the "Metamorphoses" and the "Ovide moralisé" and with the "Thebaid" and the "Teseide" and the "Roman de Thèbes" precisely what he did, *mutatis mutandis*, with his equally complex strands in the "Book of the Duchess" and the Prologue to the "Legend of Good Women" and the "Troilus."

There is another consideration of even more importance. Chaucer's knowledge of his classical materials came through the Latin, through the Italian, and (as it now appears) to a considerable degree through the French. And in spirit and atmosphere, as well as in details, each of the three embodiments of the common material differed, often *toto cœlo*, from the others. Chaucer assimilated all three, and there are few more important critical problems than the appraisal of the part played by each of the three strands in the resultant fabric. And to this end every reference in Chaucer's work to the subject-matter of the classics must be scrutinized anew.

The present writer is engaged upon two studies—one a treatment of Chaucer's art as it developed under the influence of France, the other a volume which will attempt to do

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for Chaucer something of what has been done for Dante in Moore's First Series of "Studies in Dante," and for the "Roman de la Rose" in Langlois's "Origines et Sources." Both will be delayed by the necessity of weighing with the utmost care the bearing of the facts to which attention has now been called, as well as by the obstacles interposed to this procedure by the continuance of the war.

The Celticism of Shakespeare

ANATOLE LE BRAZ
(Professeur de Littérature Française à l'Université de Rennes.)

When we had our Shakespeare celebration some months ago at Rennes, the president of our university invited me, because he could find nobody else at hand, to deliver the principal address on that occasion, and notwithstanding my incompetency, I did as I was bidden. I had just got back from my tour among the American universities, and had only a few days in which to prepare myself. What I said was not written down, and if I have now given it that form in the paragraphs which follow, it is done at the suggestion of a Cornell friend, who flatters me by saying that what I have spoken in Brittany might be interesting reading in the United States. My colleague in our faculty, Professor Feuillerat, ought by rights to have officiated at this solemn commemoration of Shakespeare. He alone was truly competent to speak of a dramatist on whom he is an authority, not only in France, but in England and throughout the whole world. Indeed, I was there merely as his substitute, and I fear proved incapable of performing the task I had assumed. So let me apologize beforehand for all my shortcomings.

One thing reassures me, and that is that Shakespeare does not belong only to the learned; his genius, broadly human, is accessible to all, and it is not necessary to be a scholar in order to enjoy the magnificent poetry which flows from his dramas. Moreover, what I am above all anxious to point out is how peculiarly Shakespeare belongs to us Bretons. Pray do not smile! I am well aware that I am falling into one of my customary failings, that of wishing to trace everything back to the Celts, everything, at least, worth tracing. But is there any fraction of mankind that does not lay claim to Shakespeare? The Germans insist that he is the very incarnation of all that is Teutonic. So let us for once allow ourselves the pleasure of showing him to be purely Celtic.

Do not, however, run away with the idea that there is anything really paradoxical about that opinion. When I expounded it some ten months ago, in a series of lectures I gave at the University of Cincinnati, I was still entitled to believe that it was rather new, hence original, but that presumptuous idea was knocked out of me as soon as I got back to Europe. For I learned then that the British themselves, disinclined henceforth to admit any near relationship between them and the Germans, were turning with renewed ardor to the consideration of their Celtic origins, and were in particular eagerly seeking in the life and writings of their great national poet everything that would tend to show the predominance of the Celt over the Anglo-Saxon.

Well! The English are not wrong. They do not err historically, for Great Britain has been, and still remains, at bottom, a Celtic land. Long ago Renan intended to write a book that should prove, by historic arguments, two points: in the first place, that the hordes of Anglo-Saxon warriors who invaded Great Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries married for the most part British women; in the second place, that, even in those parts where they settled, they only formed small colonies, islets of Teutonic inhabitants in the midst of a Celtic humanity. Moreover, there were regions, immense tracts of land, where the native tribes, although reduced to servitude, remained undestroyed. It would, I think, be comparatively easy to prove that the part of the country in which Shakespeare was to be born was one of these. You will notice that it is not far from the borders of that Welsh land whose Celtic purity was never profaned. The geographical names in Warwickshire remain British to this day, the Avon—on whose banks Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford, is situated—being a striking witness to the fact.

But what I mean by Celticism is, above all, an atmosphere emanating from nature itself, created by the very scenery, by the sky, the vegetation, the waters, by all those little intangible and subtle trifles which have on the quality of our sensibility and the hue of our imagination such a powerful and decisive influence, all the more irresistible because it is unconscious. Well, the scenery of England, in its most distinctive features, is pre-eminently Celtic. This is so true that Chateaubriand actually found his Brittany over there, and that was in Suffolk! What would he have said had he lived in the centre of England, almost on the threshold of Wales?

Of the facts of Shakespeare's life and his heredities we know so little that we may refrain from taking them into consideration, except just to notice that, in this respect also, he is an absolutely Celtic figure. But if our knowledge is limited, there is no individual around whom so many legends have been woven. If we were to pay attention to all the contradictory rumors circulated about him, we might almost doubt whether he ever really existed. The more we study what are supposed to be the facts of his life, the more we are tempted to compare him to those personages in the Irish epics of whom it is impossible to say whether they were living beings or pure myths. Shakespeare's name is evidently Anglo-Saxon. But you must note that his mother was called Mary Arden, and Arden seems to be a name of Brythonic origin, which is to be found also under the form of *Arde* (or *Ardd=Arz*), and which we still find in Britanny, under the form of *Arzen* or *Arzon*. You are aware that one of the islands of Morbihan bears that name. There is every reason to believe that Shakespeare's mother was of true British descent, and one is in a peculiar manner one's mother's son. But do not let us attach too much importance to all these conjectures. When I speak of the Celticism of Shakespeare it is above all to the essential quality of his genius, to the special note of his inspiration, that I refer.

Notice first his love for Celtic subjects. His great plays, those which, more than all the others, bear the imprint of his personality, are Celtic; framework, plot, and heroes are taken from Celtic lore. You will, of course, think at once of "Macbeth" or "King Lear." But how many others, although taken apparently from other sources, yet are treated in the same spirit. Because the play of "Hamlet" is supposed to take place in Denmark, does the landscape brought before us differ in any way from that in "Macbeth" or "King Lear"? And because Hamlet is supposed to be a Scandinavian, does he any the less embody the over-keen sensitiveness, the rich imagination, and the lack of will-power which are characteristic of what has aptly been called Celtic neurasthenia? Likewise Othello may apparently be a Moor; he belongs none the less directly to the same tradition. In a general way we may say that all the heroes of Shakespeare's dramas have, as their distinctive feature, the same predominance of sensitiveness and imagination. They are not virile, energetic, resolute. There is absolutely nothing superhuman about them; on the contrary, they are intensely human, taking the word as meaning precisely the opposite of superhuman, to describe all that is weak and miserable in humanity. In that sense it has been possible to say that there was something about them of the versatility, the inconsistency, and lack of logic generally looked upon as peculiar to women. They are in many respects not indeed effeminate men, but feminine men. At this point I may remind you that one of the features noted by Renan as most characteristic of the Celtic races is that they are feminine races.

Hence also in Shakespeare's drama the great place occupied by woman. It would seem Shakespeare has taken a peculiar pleasure in fashioning with a more loving touch the heroines of his dramas. Types such as Cordelia, Desdemona, Ophelia, Miranda, Perdita, have a graciousness, a purity, a charm, one might go so far as to say a magical attractiveness, the true prototypes of which are to be found only in Celtic literature and poetry. We cannot help thinking of the *Derdrius* of the ancient Irish epic, of the *Yseults* of Arthurian romance. Love is the law of their being, love is the whole of their destiny, love—as they understand and practice it—is the one passion that fills and rules their whole being, even causing it to overflow, and making it, as it were, infinite. They love unto death. Better—or worse—still, they love unto causing the death of others. For it is love, love carried to such a degree as to be the absolute negation of all that is not itself, that leads Lady Macbeth to commit crimes, or—if you like it better—that makes her urge her husband to commit them, for love of her husband, in order that he may become great among the great. Once more let me repeat it, if all those glorious creations can be connected with more ancient lore it can only be with Celtic lore. Read what Gaston Paris has said of what the Celts meant by love, read what Renan has said of what the Bretons mean by love, then tell me whether their words are not the very definition of love as Shakespeare understands it.

But that is only one aspect of what I call Shakespeare's Celticism. M. André Chevrillon, in his remarkable essay on Shakespeare in the *Revue de Paris* (May, 1916), notes with exquisite aptness the peculiar sensitiveness, more delicate, deeper-rooted, more thoroughly pervading the whole being, that seems to be created by the atmosphere of western coun-

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tries, by the Celtic Hesperides. "Les Bretagnes sensibilisent," he writes, briefly and pointedly. Well, is not that exactly the kind of sensitiveness that we feel in the whole of Shakespeare's works, not excepting the sonnets, the wonderful sonnets? Is not that, in the highest degree, the sensitiveness of the poet himself, of that poet who has spoken with an accent never heard before of the "milk of human kindness"? No one, indeed, has ever lavished with so much power and freshness fictitious creations. Shakespeare is in very truth the man with ten thousand souls, the "myriad-minded man" of whom Coleridge speaks, but in each one of those ten thousand souls it is, after all, his own he has given us, it is his many-sided spirit, rich in an infinite capability for feeling and imagining sentiments. There has never existed a more individualistic, more ardently subjective temperament, that is to say, one more genuinely Celtic.

This incomparable painter of life, this moulder of gigantic realities, whose bold realism appalled our eighteenth century, saturated with classicism, from whose dramas passages are eliminated even nowadays by those who adapt his plays for the modern stage, is at bottom the most intensely idealistic of dramatists. He gives us real life, yes, but real life drawn entirely from his inner self and modelled according to his good pleasure, for he plays tricks with history, with geography, and even with the realities of life. Whether he take us to Denmark, to Venice, to Greece, to France, or even to England, he never takes us properly speaking to any land but that of his dream, and that land of dreams is preëminently the Celtic land, the land of everywhere and nowhere, the land of fancy, the land of faerie. He moves in the supernatural as in his normal atmosphere, I am tempted to say as in his only normal atmosphere. Only he moves in it with such ease, such simplicity, such sincerity, that he makes us take that dreamland for land of reality. His fairies mingle so intimately with ordinary human beings, and ordinary human beings show so little surprise thereat, find the thing, indeed, so natural, that one does not exactly realize where faerie ends and humanity begins, if even faerie does not become more real than humanity. What can be more delightfully human than the sprite Ariel?

To be happy in the land of faerie and happy in that land alone, to the point of transposing the real universe into the ideal, that is, if I am not very much mistaken, Celticism *par excellence*. But what is perhaps still more Celtic is the ever-present preoccupation of the beyond, that perpetually anxious and never sated curiosity about the mystery of death. The Romans, in their intercourse with the Celts, used to feel a sort of awe because the latter were believed to be in communication with the other world. Shakespeare also feels and realizes that life, what we generally understand by life, the life that is bounded by our limited human sight, is surrounded, and as it were, permeated, not by one other life only, but by we know not how many other lives. And it is that sense of mystery, of all the mysteries around us; that haunting sense of the unknown amid which we move all unheeding, without becoming acquainted with it, without even catching a glimpse of it; that dim sense of all there exists that is utterly beyond us; it is that obsession which Shakespeare has expressed with unique power, making us, over and over again, almost touch the intangible; it is, I say, that intensely Celtic characteristic of his which gives his dramas a force, a poetic intensity, a sadness, a grandeur, a majesty, that confer upon them the dignity of sovereign rank, placing them above all other human productions.

Edward III and the Countess of Salisbury

W. G. STANARD.

On page 141 of his admirable life of Shakespeare Sir Sidney Lee says of "Edward III," the play sometimes attributed to Shakespeare: "The close of Act 1 and the whole of Act II dramatize an unhistoric tale of dishonorable love which the Italian novelist Bandello told of an unnamed King of England who sought to defile 'the Countess of Salisbury,' the wife of a Courtier. Bandello's fiction was rendered into English in Painter's 'Palace of Pleasure,' and the author of 'Edward III' unwarrantably put the tale of illicit love to the credit of his hero."

The incident may really be unhistoric, but it is strange that the learned author of the Life overlooked Froissart as a source. In Chapter lxxvii of Johnes's translation (I have before me the New York edition of 1849) the story is told at length. According to Froissart the Countess of Salisbury (whose husband was then a prisoner in France) defended Wark Castle against the Scots under David, and had been reduced to great extremity when the siege was raised by young Edward III. The King was fascinated by the beauty of the fair lady of the Castle; but was rebuked by her in such eloquent terms that he desisted from his evil and unchivalrous attempts. In a note to the New York edition is given an account of the incident from the fine old version of Lord Berners.

Plays as "Lectures"

WILLIAM B. CAIRNS.

The characterization of Othello as a "Moral Dialogue" in the Newport play-bill quoted by Mr. Robert Adger Law in the *Nation* of November 23 finds a parallel in the following advertisement from the (Boston) *Columbian Centinel* of December 1, 1792:

New Exhibition-Room, Broad Alley, Monday Evening, Dec. 3, will be performed a Moral Lecture in Five Parts, called King Richard IIId. Containing the distresses and death of King Henry 6th, the artful acquisition of the crown by King Richard, the murder of the two young Princes in the Tower, the landing of the EARL OF RICHMOND at Milford Haven, and the death of King Richard the *crook-back'd Tyrant*, at the memorable battle of Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between the houses of York and Lancaster, with many other historical passages: The whole displaying the horrors of civil discord and the dreadful effects of tyranny and ambition.

The after-piece for the evening was "The Romp," and this was discriminatingly characterized, not as a "moral," but as an "entertaining" lecture. "Hamlet" had been performed in the same place three evenings earlier, on November 30, but of this I have been unable to find a detailed announcement.

The New Exhibition-Room was built after the country members of the Massachusetts Legislature had rejected a strong petition from Boston asking for the repeal of the law forbidding stage plays. Seilheimer in his "History of the American Stage" (III, 18) speaks of it as "a theatre in everything but name." "It had a pit, a row of boxes facing three sides of a square, and a gallery"—and presumably such stage equipment and scenery as the time was able to afford. Here it would be impossible to argue, as the author argued in case of the Newport "dialogue," that the disguising term was used because the play was not put on in regular form. Indeed, the advertisement itself uses the word "performed." It may possibly have been because Seilheimer now saw the absurdity which Mr. Law points out in his earlier contention that he says nothing of this custom of announcing plays at the New Exhibition-Room as "lectures," though he quotes from a speech of Gov. Hancock a passage which contains an indignant reference to the practice.

It seems probable that the designation of plays as "dialogues" or "lectures" was common in cities where the theatre was forbidden by law. It would be interesting to know whether examples earlier than that afforded by the Newport bill can be found. Indeed, I am curious to know if the custom cannot be traced back to some much earlier English practice.

Stevenson and "The Hunchback"

PERCY W. LONG.

A comparison of the new and old Arabian Nights might prove for some industrious graduate student a task not without profit. The snare set by Alain, Sire de Malétroit, at least would appear to be provenient from "The Barber's Story of His Fourth Brother."

Stevenson's young hero, Denis, it will be recalled, while returning from an evening spent in pleasure, is pursued by the night watch, and takes refuge in a doorway. The door mysteriously gives way behind him, and he enters. Similarly, the Barber narrates of his one-eyed brother that he "went out one day to amuse himself, and heard again the neighing of horses behind him, upon which he exclaimed, 'The decree of God hath come to pass!' and ran away, seeking for a place in which to conceal himself; but he found none, until, continuing his search, he saw a door set up as a barricade; so he pushed this, and it fell down; and, entering the doorway, he beheld a long passage, into which he advanced." Denis likewise advanced along a passageway.

In the ensuing conversation with Alain, Denis found himself a prisoner, suspected of having compromised the honor of the house of Malétroit. To complete the parallel, the Fourth Brother also became a prisoner: "Suddenly, however, two men laid hold upon him." He questioned why. They answered: "Thou keepest a watch upon us, and desirest to disgrace us, and to disgrace the master of the house!" Denis and the Barber's brother alike were not the person for whom a trap had been laid.

The correspondence under any circum-

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stances would be too complete to be fortuitous; the psychological specialist on parallel passages will probably diagnose it as unconscious; but from Stevenson's title, "New Arabian Nights," he would seem to wish to have it observed.

The Edwards Stock

WILLIAM H. POWERS.

Rereading what C. B. Davenport has written on the influence of the single germ plasm on the race, I have questioned, in the light of certain notes I have taken in the study of American families, whether even a greater caution than Mr. Davenport shows is not necessary in drawing any certain conclusions from the evidence. Davenport attributes the distinction of Jonathan Edwards and his descendants to the effect of inheritance from his grandmother, Elizabeth Tuttle. Now in these descendants of Jonathan Edwards who attained distinction the strains are so mixed that it seems rather hazardous to say much more than that from good stocks a good inheritance is derived. In these persons were mingled the blood of the Edwardses, the Pierreponts, the Dwights, the Woolseys, and others in whose families, where the blood is unmixed with that of Elizabeth Tuttle, we find persons of an eminence equal to most of those that show the Tuttle inheritance. To be specific:

(1.) Those of the Edwards name are less known than the descendants of Jonathan's daughters, as, for example, the Dwights and Aaron Burr. There is no Edwards except Jonathan himself who will compare in distinction with the two Timothy Dwights and Theodore Dwight Woolsey, or with Aaron Burr.

(2.) Many Dwights, not mixed with the Edwards blood, have reached a great eminence, in some cases quite equal to that of any Edwards except Jonathan and perhaps one or two of the Edwards-Dwights; for example, Josiah Dwight Whitney, the geologist; his brother, William Dwight Whitney, the philologist; Gen. Joseph Dwight, of the colonial period; Harrison G. O. Dwight, the missionary; William Buck Dwight, the scientist; Thomas Dwight, the anatomist; J. S. Dwight, the musical critic; James Dwight Dana, the geologist.

(3.) Less notably the same is true of other strains mingled with the Edwards blood. Theodore Sedgwick,* 1746-1813, the jurist, is quite as eminent as Catherine M. Sedgwick; George Richard Minot, 1758-1802, jurist, as Charles S. Minot. The elder Aaron Burr, if not a great man, was at least worthy to precede Jonathan Edwards in the presidency of the College of New Jersey, and belonged to a family of great local distinction. The Pierreponts, when unmixed with Edwards blood, have been eminent clergymen and lawyers. The Woolseys were successful merchants. The Woodbridges have been better known than the Woodbridge-Dwights who inherit the Edwards blood.

(4.) The Tuttle blood, except in the case of Jonathan Edwards himself, unmixed, does not anywhere show any great distinction. Even in the case of Jonathan Edwards it is not clear that a good deal may not have been due to his grandfather's germ plasm, as his grandfather was the most eminent lawyer in the colony of Connecticut, or perhaps to his mother, Esther Stoddard, of whose family six receive place in Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography." Certainly the descendants of the four daughters of Elizabeth Tuttle, as they are noted by Davenport, Robert Treat Paine, the Fairbanks brothers, Morrison Waite, and Melville M. Bigelow, have not achieved an eminence that raises them into the front rank. There are probably a thousand colonial families that can show as many men of as great eminence.

On the basis of the numbers who have gained distinction and the fewness of those who became submerged, one would be inclined to put the Dwight inheritance ahead of the Edwards inheritance. As has been shown, the Dwight blood in many combinations produced greatness. Yet even this conclusion would be more than the premises allow; for the Dwights have married into good families; how distribute, then, the credit due to the Dwight blood, to the Woolsey blood, to the Whitney blood, to the Dana blood? Again the Danas would rival either the Edwards or the Dwight inheritance. Note as evidence the successive Richard H. Danas, Charles A. Dana, Richard Dana, and Francis Dana, the jurists; James Dwight Dana and Edward Salisbury Dana, the geologists; John Winchester Dana, Governor of Maine, and the almost countless lawyers and preachers who have had more than a local distinction.

Is it likely that any conclusion more precise than the endorsement of Holmes's precept, "To be a gentleman, see that your grandfather was one," can be drawn in these matters until human stock can be bred under such conditions of check as obtain on a good cattle farm?

*Was he himself of the Edwards blood? I have not exact data at hand.

"The Burial of Sir John Moore"

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

In Mr. Whitty"s interesting notes on "Discoveries in the Uncollected Poems of Edgar Allan Poe" (*Nation*, January 27), he ascribes Poe's attribution of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" to Lord Byron to a juvenile "slip." As a matter of fact, Wolf's lines were currently attributed to "the noble poet." An instance of this, which serves also to cast light on the less admirable side of Byron's character, may be found in Medwin's "Conversations with Lord Byron" (quarto edition, 1824, p. 112), as follows:

"'I will shew you an ode you have never seen, that I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth.' With this he [Byron] left the table, almost before the cloth was removed, and returned with a magazine, from which he read the following lines on Sir John Moore's burial, which perhaps require no apology for finding a place here: [Here follow the lines.]

"The feeling with which he recited these admirable stanzas, I shall never forget. After he had come to an end, he repeated the third, and said it was perfect, particularly the lines:

> But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
> With his martial cloak around him.

"'I should have taken,' said Shelley, 'the whole for a rough sketch of Campbell's.'

"'No,' replied Lord Byron; 'Campbell would have claimed it, if it had been his.'

"I afterwards had reason to think that this ode was Lord Byron's;* that he was piqued at none of his own being mentioned; and, after he had praised the verses so highly, could not own them. No other reason can be assigned for not acknowledging himself the author, particularly as he was a great admirer of General Moore."

The picture of Byron laying tacit claim to the poem is not altogether pleasant; fortunately, however, Capt. Medwin is often found untrustworthy.

*"I am corroborated in this opinion lately by a lady whose brother received them many years ago from Lord Byron, in his Lordship's own handwriting."

Early Poems of Walt Whitman

R. EMORY HOLLOWAY.

The present recrudescence of interest in the poetry of Walt Whitman may make it permissible for me to mention the recent discovery of a number of his early poems which have literally been saved from the rubbish heap. Of all the verse which Whitman must have written before he produced, at the age of thirty-six, that prodigy of poetry, the first edition of the "Leaves of Grass," he has preserved but four, and the diligence of his biographers has unearthed only an equal number. In a communication to the *Nation*, published some time ago, I announced the finding of two more. Since that time, however, an imperfect file of the *Long Island Democrat*, recently rescued from an old garret, has yielded ten others; ten, that is, if we count variant versions.

It appears that in the year 1840 Whitman was teaching school in, or near, Jamaica, Long Island, a village which has since been incorporated in the Borough of Queens, New York city. He boarded for over a year with a certain James J. Brenton, who afterwards (1850) included in his "Voices from the Press" one of Whitman's early sketches, called "Tomb Blossoms." Mr. Brenton was the editor and publisher of the *Long Island Democrat*, in the office of which, after school hours, Whitman worked as a compositor. To this paper Whitman contributed, with fair regularity, one piece of verse a month.

The tone of most is meditative, if not morbid, a common theme being the vanity of life and the deliciousness of death. Even one which is ostensibly a continuation of the well-known ballad, "Father Grimes," soon loses the jest in the sermon. But all show conscientious experimentation in various verse forms and indicate an increasing mastery of form and phrasing. A list of the titles will give an idea of what the youth of twenty or so was meditating about in the days when his readers were restricted to the subscribers to the village paper: "Young Grimes," "Fame's Vanity" (the original form of the autobiographical "Ambition"), "My Depar-

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ture" (the original of "Death of a Nature Lover"), "The Inca's Daughter," "The Love that Is Hereafter," "We Shall Rest at Last" (the original of "Each Has His Grief"), "The Spanish Lady," "The End of All," "The Columbian's Song" (a patriotic ode), and "The Winding-Up" (a revision of "The End of All"). When a more scientific study of Whitman's early life and writings than has hitherto been possible is made, these accidentally preserved "efforts" will prove of very considerable importance.

Studies in Folklore

T. F. CRANE.

The editors of the *Romanic Review*, in the first number of the current volume (VII, No. 1, January-March, 1916), granted me very hospitably considerable space for a *compte rendu* of the twenty-one numbers of the "FF Communications Edited for the Folklore Fellows by Johannes Bolte, Kaarle Krohn, Axel Olrik, C. W. von Sydow. Helsingfors and Hamina, 1911-1915." Since the above review was published three additional numbers of the "FF Communications" have appeared which are of unusual interest and variety.

Two of them, by Antti Aarne, Nos. 22-23, deal with a *Schwank* and a *Märchen* according to the new geographical-historical method originated by the Finnish scholar Julius Krohn and first applied to the field of *Märchen* by his son, Kaarle Leopold Krohn, professor of Finnish and comparative popular poetry at the University of Helsingfors.

The *Schwank*, "Der Mann aus dem Paradiese" (No. 22, p. 109), is the story, widely spread in literature and oral tradition, of the scholar on his way to "Paris," which a simple-minded woman understands as "Paradise," and so takes the opportunity to send to her first husband clothes and money. When the second husband returns and hears her story he sets out in pursuit of the swindler and is cheated in his turn. The literary versions go back to the fifteenth century (a Latin poem in hexameters) and popular versions are found in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Aarne endeavors to discover the original form and to trace its diffusion. The former is not altogether clear, the latter, the editor decides, was from Europe to India, which, he thinks, is the case with other stories of this class (*Schwänke*).

No. 24 (p. 194) is the *Märchen* of "Der reiche Mann und sein Schwiegersohn," so well known to lovers of English poetry by William Morris's poem in "The Earthly Paradise" of "The Man Born to Be King." As Aarne remarks, few stories have attracted so much attention from scholars as this, partly on account of its interesting contents, partly because in mediæval legend the fate of the persecuted child is connected with two historical names, the Emperors Constantius and Henry III, and partly because one of the episodes constitutes the subject of Schiller's ballad "Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer," and is used by Shakespeare in "Hamlet."

Like the *Schwank* mentioned above, this story is found in the popular tales of Europe, Asia, and Africa as well as in the literature of those countries. The various episodes are examined and traced to their sources so far as possible by Aarne, who believes that the story is of Oriental origin. His concluding words are of great importance for the modern conception of the *Märchen*. He says: "From my investigation it appears time and again that the story in oral tradition and literature is constantly changing by the addition and influence of foreign elements which have nothing to do with the original story. The additions come mostly from other *Märchen*, but matter of an entirely different kind can also be woven into the story. . . . From what has been mentioned it follows as an indisputable fact, in the life of *Märchen*, that the *Märchen* as such is worthless as an auxiliary for mythological or other extraneous investigations, for which one has often wished to use it. It cannot be useful until its vicissitudes have been explained by comparative investigation. We must try to learn, so far as possible, which are the original elements in the story, which appeared later, and when and among which people each component part found its place in the story. The later details have naturally in the story an entirely different weight from the original ones.

"In determining the date of the origin of the *Märchen* the same circumstance must be taken into consideration. The age of the matter which has been added later is quite different from that of the *Märchen* itself; and also in respecct to the original *Märchen* it must be remembered that in its composition use may have been made of matter already in existence which perhaps comes down from much older times. For this reason it is entirely erroneous to conclude that the *Märchen* is primitive from the fact that in it occur views, ideas, customs, and materials which belong to the most primitive stages of the nations. Countless other circumstances also bear witness to the fact that the *Märchen* originates in later, historical times."

The last of the three numbers in question is the belated No. 17 (p. 76), which contains "Personal Impressions of Moltke Moe," by Axel Olrik. The subject of this memoir (1859-1913) was professor of folklore at the University of Christiania, and is termed in the dedication of this paper "the greatest of Scandinavian folklorists." He is an interesting illustration (as is also the case with Kaarle Krohn) of the heredity of genius, for he was the son of Jørgen Moe, renowned for the splendid collection of Norwegian tales made in collaboration with P. C. Asbjørnsen and known to English readers by G. W. Dasent's admirable translation. Olrik's memoir of his friend belongs to a class not often found in Northern European literature, and is an inspiring account of a life devoted to scholarship. What is there about the study of folklore to have produced such types as the Grimms, Pitré, and Asbjørnsen and Moe? It is undoubtedly the human element in that study, and this appears very clearly in the life of Moltke Moe. The general reader even will find much to interest him in this memoir and will learn, perhaps for the first time, of the amazing development of folklore study in the Scandinavian peninsula.

May I, in conclusion, repeat to the wider circle of the readers of the *Nation* what I have already said in the *Romanic Review* in regard to the constitution of the Folklore Fellows? This international society was founded in 1907 and already has local societies in Copenhagen, Helsingfors, Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, Prague, Lemberg, Czernowitz, Reikiavik, Lund, Upsala, Athens, Petrograd, Moscow, Kazan, Dorpat, Budapest, Basel, and Munich. There are a managing committee and bureaus of information. The object of the Society is to facilitate strictly scientific research by making accessible to investigators folklore materials from various countries and to edit publications of a scientific character in an easily understood language, or with abstracts in such a language.

Personal members of the FF Society can be received by each association or information bureau. The members are bound, until they withdraw, to subscribe for the "FF Communications," which they receive at half the retail price in instalments of ten francs, not oftener than once a year. They are entitled, under the guarantee of the association concerned, to claim the agency of the Society for their investigations. Through the agency of the FF bureaus of information, chief and subordinate associations, copies, extracts, and translations of MSS. and scarce printed works in public, and, so far as possible, in private, collections can be procured. The materials under the supervision of the Society can, unless special permission be given, be used for no other purpose than scientific investigation, especially not for complete publication.

Just after my review appeared I sent a copy of it to Prof. Axel Olrik and asked him how I could become a member of the Society. I give his reply in his own words: "According to your letter you may be a member *ad interim* of the Copenhagen section. FFC 1-21 will then be sent to you. The price is for members twenty francs (fifteen Danish crowns), including postage. The future publications you will receive from FF (Royal Library, Copenhagen). But the editors should be most satisfied if you will speak with other folklorists in America of procuring one or more centres in America; either by the single universities or a common centre, comprizing more subdivisions. The considerable work in folklore of the Americans must encourage to such organization. The capital matter is to find some person who would organize the institution and catch the best occasion to speak for it."

I sent my remittance and in due time received the numbers of the "Communications" and a very cordial letter from Prof. Axel Olrik, whose address is Gammelbo, Holte, Denmark. I am sure that as soon as American scholars realize the value and magnitude of this undertaking they will be glad to give it their support, and perhaps some young scholar will be found to undertake the task of an American organization.

Perplexity as to Gary

M. A. A.

I find myself intrigued, intrigued to the point of obsession, by the Gary schools. Aside from the educational merits of the system, I was stirred by the unemotional account of gallant little Gary, "a relatively poor city" confronted with "a peculiarly difficult situation, owing to the limited funds at hand and the demands of a rapidly increasing population"—it increased ten-fold in eight years: spurning the "conventional method of meeting the situation" which "our large cities have almost universally felt themselves obliged to adopt" of "erecting inferior school buildings,

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employing cheap teachers, and limiting the yearly term," resolving that, on the contrary, "the true economy" would be to create "a thoroughly modern, completely equipped school plant" and "by the ingenious application of principles well recognized in business and industry to utilize their resources so as to support the desired facilities," partly by an ingenious rotation of scholars, who are kept continually circulating between basement, attic, playground, and classroom, by which means not a square inch of space in the building is wasted, not a corner in the child's mind or a muscle in its body neglected, and partly by following, with a difference, the precept and example of Mr. Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall: "C-l-e-a-n, clean," says Mr. Squeers, "verb, active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n win, d-e-r der, winder. When a boy knows this out of a book he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes." [Wise Mr. Squeers!] "Second boy!"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden."

"So he is," says Squeers. "So he is. B-o-t bot, t-i-n tin, bottin, n-e-y ney, bottinney!"

An excellent system, too, if followed with moderation as at Gary, where, according to Mr. Bourne, whom I quoted above, the school becomes "a clearing house for children's activities," thus becoming "as far as possible a self-sustaining community, giving meaning and purpose to the work, training children for the outside world, and cultivating the social virtues." Who knows if Mr. Squeers's young gentlemen, such of them as survived, weren't better equipped to grapple with the world than if they had graduated from a conventional classical institution? I remember thinking, in my infant mind, when I first read the book, that it wouldn't be a bad way to get an education, barring physic, short rations, and scanty fuel.

Seriously, I thought it a splendid achievement, this of Gary; splendid, and to my thinking splendidly American; "the keen untroubled face" turned "home, to the utmost need of things." The theme for an American epic seemed to me to lie dormant in the stodgy little red book, only awaiting a poet.

> I'm sick of all their quirks and turns, of all their silly drool,
> Lord, send old Homer back to earth, to sing The Gary School!

And into this mood of exaltation comes one Mr. E. L. C. Morse, of Chicago,

> . . . like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned,
> Stuff and nonsense, stuff and nonsense, "Gary" spent what "Gary" earned!

For in a letter to the *Nation* dated July 10 he alleges that "the masterminds of the Steel Corporation gave the schoolmasters *carte blanche* to evolve a system suitable to the needs" of Gary and with "the purse of Fortunatus open" it was altogether "too easy" to celebrate in verse, however educationally advantageous—also impracticable for less favored communities.

But according to Mr. Bourne: "The distinctive traits of the Gary system are in no way due to the enlightened philanthropy of the United States Steel Corporation. On the contrary, the enterprise of providing public schools for the town of Gary was one of peculiar difficulty. The community was poor. The plants of the Steel Corporation were habitually undervalued in the assessments. Very little of the science and skill that went into the making of the steel plant went to the creating of a model city. The schools in particular have not only been quite free from corporation influence or support, but have at times run so far counter to the approval of the Corporation officials that the school administration has had difficulty in acquiring its needed sites for new schools."

Now, Mr. Morse lives within thirty miles of Gary—unlikely he does not know whereof he writes with such assurance and at such length! But Mr. Bourne speaks as one having authority, and his book is prefaced with an introduction by Mr. Wirt, the protagonist—after Mr. Squeers—of the Gary system; which, I ask you, is one to believe?

Poetry for Children

ELEANOR D. SHANNON.

In the discussions of books for children which appeared in the *Nation* last Christmas time I was surprised at the slight consideration given to poetry.

My observation and experience lead me to believe that children are done a great injustice by this oversight. I believe that an instinctive love for poetry in a child is often allowed to die from sheer neglect. A wail is often heard over the lack of poetic appreciation on the part of the American reading public. If we cultivated the taste for poetry as assiduously as we do the taste for fiction and adventure, the results might be reversed.

The best poetry, so it be within their comprehension, is the kind children delight in; for they generally have an æsthetic sense truer than that of adults. The statement that children are keen critics is usually applied to their judgment of their elders. But the same thing is true of their sense of discrimination in literature. They quickly detect the cheap and are offended by the mawkish. Consequently, they often get a distaste for reading because of the quality of the books furnished them. On the other hand, their imaginations respond to a truly literary appeal.

Usually little in the way of verse is provided a child beyond the nursery rhymes and the more recent favorites, Stevenson, Field, and Riley, mentioned in the discussion last year. The few poems read in the schools by no means supply the child's need or take the place of home reading. I believe the love of poetry can be nurtured and developed all the way from babyhood to maturity by the wise selection of verse suited to the child's understanding; and he will understand far more than you would believe, or, failing to understand, he will still enjoy. The devotion of a little enthusiast of four or five years to "A Child's Garden of Verses" was to me a joy to see. He knew exactly where the book was kept, on one of the lower shelves where he could reach it. And when he came to see me, he would often get it and slip quietly up to my chair to have it read. This is in refutation of a college professor's statement that Stevenson's verses were written from a grown-up point of view, and really do not appeal to children. Several years later I was gratified to find the same boy's delight in repeating the "Village Blacksmith," which he had been required to memorize at school.

Longfellow is sacred to many of us, because under his gentle influence we first acquired a taste for poetry, and I know of no better tutor for such an end. To offset his seriousness such poems as "John Gilpin" and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" will furnish a dash of the humorous. In "The Ancient Mariner" the mystic element appeals to the same childish instinct which, a little earlier perhaps, craves fairy tales.

Though as a rule narrative poems are the most interesting to children, one may lead on to the less-involved lyrics to be found in almost any collection, such as the "Golden Treasury," Cunningham's "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," Wordsworth's "To a Cuckoo," "The Daffodils," etc. Through these may be developed a love of nature and a capacity for enjoyment of the simple things in life, which seem to be in peculiar jeopardy at present. Children in their teens are often more serious than we give them credit for being. To this quality "The Vision of Sir Launfal" appeals. I remember my own and some of my classmates' sympathetic response to Milton's sonnet on his blindness.

From reading aloud, discussing, and quoting perhaps on country rambles such poems as those I have mentioned, the transition is easy to a general reading and love for all the best poets. But in the absence of any such introduction, many—I think I may say the majority of—young Americans are allowed to dismiss this most spiritual of all the arts with a careless, "Oh! I don't care for poetry!" And can you wonder? If they know anything about poetry, their knowledge is likely to be due to their own independent bent in reading.

Books for Boys

GERTRUDE W. PAGE.

In the admirable articles that appeared in the *Nation* a year ago on juvenile reading, certain especially valuable books escaped mention.

I find that few people know Howard Pyle's beautiful story of "Otto of the Silver Hand." It is fascinating to the child, and certainly appeals to the adult as a perfect little piece of art. For boys of the same age, Frank R. Stockton's "Story of Viteau," while not so nearly a gem of purest ray, is remarkably good. With these I would put Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper." All three are full of the kind of thing that satisfies a boy's craving for adventure and healthy excitement.

Not quite so romantic in tone, "not quite classic," but "really worth while," is "The Boy Emigrants," by Noah Brooks. Later on should come Mrs. Custer's "Following the Guidon," "Boots and Saddles," and "Tenting on the Plains." They bring a boy into pretty close touch with some very significant phases of the development of his own country in the West. For boys of fourteen or thereabouts, why does no one mention "The Tale of Two Cities" and "The Cloister and the Hearth"?

As for poetry, Stevenson appealed to my boys in snatches, Field and Riley not at all. Children are freakish along these lines. My nine-year-old son copied on his typewriter and committed to memory some of Masefield's shorter sea pieces he overheard me reading to his father.

The four-year-old boy kept his father read-

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ing "Paul Revere's Ride" and me reciting "Skipper Ireson's Ride" till the whole family knew them by heart. I believe the secret of poetry with children is not so much concerned with the subjects of the poems as with the subtle attraction that certain rhythms have for them.

I used to say that I would have nothing to do with "stories from the Bible," until Dean Hodges's "Garden of Eden" and "Castle of Zion" came into our house. By no means would I have them take the place of the Bible, but as an introduction they are exceedingly valuable. "Bible characters" are to the majority, adults as well as children, only silhouette shapes moving across a screen to the accompaniment of noble language. Dean Hodges gives the touch that makes them human and alive and one with us. When we read "the real Bible" together, after these stories, the children feel as genuine and vital and *close* an interest in the Bible people as they do in any others of their heroes and heroines.

I have spoken mainly of books for boys, doubtless because I have three sons. I trust that their sister, when she begins to read on her own account, will be as contemptuous as they are of such sorry trash as the Elsie books, the Little Colonel series, and all the rest of the dismal stuff that so many girls swallow with apparent relish. The poorest boy's book is better than this kind of girl's reading.

A Plea for the Schoolgirl

ISABEL FRANCIS BELLOWS.

The modern schoolgirl is not in need of many pleas. In mind, body, and estate she is sedulously cared for by specialists of every variety, from the trained and accomplished teachers who devote themselves to her mental development, to the skilful practitioners who attend to the treatment "of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow."

So much is being done, indeed, that it would not seem possible that a plea for more could be needed. But there is one important branch of her education strangely neglected by parents, careful in all other respects, and that is the education of her dramatic instinct, with its subtle and permeating power over her emotions and thoughts. It is extraordinary how little serious consideration is bestowed by thoughtful parents upon so vital a matter as the quality and kind of their children's dramatic amusements. Young girls are allowed to go constantly and indiscriminately to anything that is not flagrantly indecent, though just where and how the line is drawn is often puzzling to the anxious onlooker.

Now there is really no such potent influence over the emotions of the young as stage representations, bad and good. Teachers may do their best to impart a knowledge and foster a love of the best that has been said and thought in the world, and they often accomplish much, but only in exceptional cases can they hope to compete with that direct appeal to eye, ear, and sense that is made by the modern stage representations. Shakespeare, studied wisely and well, doubtless does something to counteract the baleful emotional influence of the cheap inanities schoolgrls are too often allowed to see and hear on a Saturday afternoon. But at the schoolgirl age, the inanities, with their gay music, dances, and bright costumes, make a much more direct appeal to the emotional and rhythmic instincts deeply implanted in human nature, which need discipline and culture quite as much as the mind or the muscles. The advantage of the dramatic method of approach over that of a more abstract and intellectual presentation is obvious. Any embodiment of beauty and truth that demands some effort to grasp has a hard time at best, and hence the modern experiments tried by educators to present such things in a concrete form by means of pictures and plays, and even nowadays the "movies."

Thoughtful parents recognize this fact in nearly every direction except that of the drama. Is it because they do not realize the pervasive and subtle effect of theatrical performances on the emotional side of their children's nature, and regard them simply as an agreeable recreation? If so, never was there a greater mistake. Young human nature hungers for rhythm, both of sound and motion. It longs for scenes and adventures wider and more thrilling than are afforded by its daily life. This longing is a necessary means of growth, and if it is not satisfied within bounds, and by legitimate means, will do infinite mischief by satisfying itself without bounds and without scruple. Some of the love of constant excitement which forms so regrettable a characteristic of modern times is perhaps due to the neglect of this important need, for the silly and vulgar musical comedies which are so popular do not train or nourish the faculties. but act like alcohol or drugs, that stimulate for a time, only to leave a more insistent craving in their wake. How different is the effect of the wit, the grace, the music of one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, or the joyous fun of a play by Sir James Barrie.

Dancing need not be combined with vulgarity, as it is too often in the musical comedies to which our schoolgirls listen in throngs; and more and more in these productions are illicit relations and *risqué* situations becoming the accepted subjects of joke and badinage. I am not pleading that young girls should be kept in ignorance of these subjects —far from it—but my earnest contention is that they should not hear them made light of, joked about, and rendered more or less attractive by every sensuous appeal at the command of a skilful manager, who naturally wishes to fill his pockets.

It is not safe to lay the flattering unction to our souls that young girls do not understand the allusions or take the vulgarity to heart. They feel the atmosphere, which is impure, and they see the indecencies. They are familiarized with coarse jokes and objectionable situations in a way that besmirches their emotions and is capable, in some instances, of confusing their sense of right and wrong. Why is it so difficult for parents to see that the dramatic and rhythmical instincts of their children need education, and can be trusted less to take care of themselves than some of the other gifts of heaven. Surely there is something in this state of things that should give us pause; something that demands the serious consideration of both fathers and mothers who are anxious to do their best, but who have not yet observed with sufficient care the universal connection of means with ends.

Lafcadio Hearn in the Classroom

THURMAN LOS HOOD.

I have thought that a description of the late Lafcadio Hearn by one of his own students might be worth reading. Every one, of course, appreciates his genius; but we in the West need to see the other end of the tie between him and his hearers. It is difficult for us to imagine the kind of energy by which he brought to life the spirit of English letters in Japan. To his students he had a sort of fascination, a consecrated presence, an enchanter's touch to make the foreign literature more stirring to them than their own.

What follows is the work of Mr. Mazuna Noma, a member of the course in English for foreigners at Harvard College. It will serve, I think, to show the source of that devotion which made Hearn's latest work, "Interpretation of Literature," possible. Very rarely can a teacher be revealed through the notes taken in his lectures. The scratching of these Japanese pens has had result unparalleled almost since the disciples of Aristotle brought out his "Politics." As Mr. Noma is very recently from Japan, there has been no time for his impressions to lose their native quality.

"Two or three of the students were thrusting their heads from a window, wondering why he was so late. At this juncture, a rickshaw ran into the gate of the university, raising a cloud of dust behind it. This sent crowds of students helter-skelter into a large, high-windowed room. In a moment there was silence, every one, pen in hand, sitting in his chair.

"A tan-colored, one-eyed person of short stature appeared at the entrance of the room, and made his way quietly to the platform, with a purple bundle in his hand. After carefully placing that bundle upon the table, he took out from his pocket a monocle with a long handle, and through it he looked with a smile over the heads of the students assembled there.

"He gave his lecture word by word, drawing his own expression from his miraculous brain. A sweet voice peculiar to him gave a charm to the weirdness of the words spurting out of his mouth. There was no whispering, no coughing, even no motion. The light sound of the scribbling pens in that quiet air reminded me of the sound of rain dropping on a thatched roof. Every one was exercising his arm mechanically, in a dreamy mood, as if he were mesmerized by a high power.

"Sometimes I felt as if I were frolicking on a daisy-covered lawn with a group of fairies. Sometimes a chill ran through my veins, as though the hand of a ghost were on my shoulder. I was not aware whether it was night or day. So when the bell rang with a shrill note at the end of the hour, a flash of daylight shot into my eyes, and I felt a little dazed.

"In the recess that followed, he went straight to the mossy brink of the old pond, and strolled up and down in the little forest there, in deep thought, smoking the while. Students walking on the campus shunned his neighborhood, fearing lest they should disturb his quiet thoughts. The splash of a carp in the pond was the only sound that broke in upon his meditation."

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